THE English REVIEW

NOVEMBER 1936

DEREK WALKER-SMITH — Current Comments

DOUGLAS JERROLD — A Plea for more Politics

SIR ANTHONY JENKINSON — Review of Current American Politics

RANDOLPH HUGHES — The New Germany

SIR CHARLES PETRIE — Foreign Affairs

DR. CLOUDESLEY BRERETON — The Rise and Decline of Norfolk Agriculture

W. WALTER CROTCH — Julius Gombös

TONY ROWE — The Jester

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The English Review

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The English Review

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CURRENT COMMENTS

November 1936

BY DEREK WALKER-SMITH

Lest We Forget

THE situation in Palestine has brightened. The Arabs have shown good sense and patriotism in calling off their strike. In doing so they have to some extent transferred the onus to the British once more. It is an onus which it is incumbent on British statesmanship to discharge. There must be no complacent acceptance of greater measure of quiet in Palestine. Complacency must wait on the success of British policy in Palestine. That policy cannot succeed by mere repression of the Arabs, but only by the removal of their grievances. That there are grievances no one is concerned to deny. But does it really require the complicated procedure of a Royal Commission to discover them? The Arab grievances are clear: they think that the rate of Jewish immigration into Palestine is too high and that the inevitable result, if the rate is allowed to go unchecked, will be the subjugation of the Arab population within their own indigenous boundaries. The Jews have no grievance unless it is that the Arabs sometimes employ aggression in their treatment of Jewish immigrants. If the Arabs' sense of grievance were removed, the Arabs would no longer wish to aggress the Jews. Therefore, our business is not so much the enquiry into grievances as the

removal of them. A Commission can only enquire and report. Let then its proceedings be as brief as possible in order that we may advance to the necessary business of an equitable settlement. This must ultimately involve some restriction on Jewish immigration and it is fairer and wiser to acknowledge this without further delay. A settlement by which the population would be two Arabs to one Jew would probably satisfy the reasonable representatives of every side. Some fanatics would undoubtedly vociferate then shrill resentment: but statesmanship should have no commerce with fanaticism such as this. The problem of Palestine, though a little brighter than when I wrote last month, is as urgent and as important. No opportunity should be missed of impressing upon our rulers the necessity for remembering their duty as statesmen.

Look on this Picture

A SETTLEMENT in Palestine would remove one of the barriers that cut our politicians off from their proper duty of looking inwards to our own people. That there are growing and encouraging signs that people of Conservative mentality are increasingly seeing the importance of this was pleasantly evidenced at the Conservative Conference. The rank and file who were gathered there as delegates showed enthusiasm in the discussion of subjects domestic and not superficially exciting. But the most marked indication of the fact that in the high places of Conservatism too a wider view is being taken of the duties and compass of statecraft came in Mr. Neville Chamberlain's speech at the conclusion of the Conference. He launched in a speech in which his usual dry manner was kindled to a firier eloquence the Conservative crusade for a stronger, healthier and more harmonious people. In doing so Mr. Chamberlain and the Conservative Party have taken a leaf out of the Führer's book of statecraft. They are unlikely to acknowledge it; but it is very doubtful whether such a proposal would have met with anything other than polite and indifferent inaction had he not pointed the way. As in the case of rearmament, the Government have delayed action a long time. But, they have acted at last; and let us applaud

them for that. Real leadership of the highest order would have originated these conceptions and translated them into action. It is to be hoped however that the Government's habit of acting wisely but belatedly will be quickened by the spur of circumstance into prescient and punctual action.

And on this

THE Party Conferences at Margate and at Edinburgh afforded an interesting contrast. The Conservative Conference is generally a declaration of independent judgment. Party leaders are not much in evidence, though when they are, they have much to learn from the sound political instinct of the Conservative delegates. The Socialist Party Conference is less democratic, and justifiably so since the delegates exhibit a degree of irresponsibility which it is difficult to credit. Except when they are restrained by the wiser of their leaders they exhibit a blind and dangerous obsession with foreign affairs to the exclusion of the domestic issues which vitally affect the lives and fortunes of the industrial classes, which the Socialist Party pretends to represent. Generally, the high light of the Socialist Party Conference comes when some Russian envoy addresses the delegates. This year the Conference was even more unblushingly exotic in its choice of oratory and listened with frantic enthusiasm to two gentlemen from Spain whose status at a conference of delegates it is difficult to determine.

A Good Lead

IT is beginning to become difficult to compute the number of wars into which the Socialist Party would have led the country– from behind, of course––if they had been elected to office last autumn. It is all part and parcel of the incorrigible Left-Wing habit of taking an interest in foreign politics for their own sake. Foreign politics are deserving of attention only so far as they can be related to National requirements. This is a truth which, though hidden, from some of our Ministers to-day, is abundantly and apparently clear to the great mass of the Conservative Party and of thinking citizens in this country generally. This again was unmistakably evidenced at the Conservative

Conference ; and Conservative Ministers would do well to pay attention to the wisdom of their followers. These followers showed their appreciation of the danger of uninformed meddling in European affairs by their enthusiastic adoption of a resolution condemning the usurpation of ambassadorial functions by Foreign Secretaries : not the least significant feature of their adoption of this principle was that its most prominent advocate was Lord Stonehaven, lately chairman of the party organization.

Conservatives and Germany

ANOTHER respect in which the sense of reality of the Conference was strikingly displayed was in the attitude to the Mandated territories. It focused attention, at a time when the absence of official declaration by Ministers made it extremely desirable, on the true Conservative attitude to Germany. The Conservative Party and Englishmen generally like and admire the German people. They respect the great genius of the German Führer ; they appreciate the vigour and integrity of the present German administration. They realize its difficulties and refrain from criticism based merely on the fact that Germany has chosen to abandon the Parliamentary institutions to which the long experience of history has bound us with stronger ties than we can expect to find in the countries of Europe. It follows that Conservatives will not quarrel with Germany on account of Germany's internal arrangements. In many of these such as the labour camps to which Mr. Randolph Hughes gives specialized attention on another page of this *Review*, we find much to admire. Where we do not admire so wholeheartedly we exercise discretion in judgment. Nor will Conservatives quarrel with Germany on account of their legitimate desire to include all German people within the boundaries of the Reich. Nor will Conservatives quarrel with Germany in the interests of Soviet Russia. There is one thing, and one thing only, which can divide our people from the German nation. That thing is the possibility, remote though it may be, of a predatory intention on their part with regard to the Mandated territories. These we hold on terms of trusteeship ; and anxious as we are to do

everything in our power to accomodate the legitimate aims of Germany, any accomodation must be such as to maintain intact that sacred principle. The Conservative Conference has helped to make this position clear and there are signs that it is being better understood in Germany. Like that other great German statesman, Bismarck, the Führer takes as a principle of German foreign policy friendship with England. He has postponed the activities of the newly-formed Colonial Institute. This is a gratifying sign of his desire for good relations with this country. When once it is realized that only this question can divide us, it will no longer do so.

America Looks Inward

It is significant that in various parts of the world people and nations are becoming more inclined to pay attention to the great domestic concerns of peace and prosperity for their citizens, and to become increasingly more mistrustful of embarking their fortunes on the treacherous waters of so-called "collective security." As Sir Anthony Jenkinson points out, in his article on another page of this issue, the two political parties in the pending Presidential election, though divided in many and fundamental points of domestic policy, are in complete agreement on the undersirability of becoming wedded to foreign commitments. No politician in America could survive the suspicion that for doctrinaire reasons he contemplated the participation by the United States in the European political tangle. In America this is not unnatural for no country could be expected to include more than one Woodrow Wilson in the pages of its history. Whatever the issue of the Presidential election therefore, the victor will be returned to power with the sole object of doing his best according to his lights for the welfare and condition of those who have elected him.

King Leopold Looks Inward

Another statesman who is anxious to do his best for the people over whom he rules is King Leopold of the Belgians. King Leopold has proclaimed in a speech the desirability of the Belgian nation adopting the neutral, self-sufficient, national inward-looking policy of the Swiss

and other people. King Leopold has proclaimed, with a directness that one cannot but applaud, his conviction that Belgian statesmanship should be concerned with Belgian affairs, and has expressed the intention that Belgium under his leadership will not be made the pawn of greater nations nor the cockpit for the settlement of their disputes. The expression of such heretical sentiments has brought upon King Leopold's head the unfeigned anger and disgust of those who live in that world of pacts and covenants, which is as dangerous as it is unreal. But most angry of all —with the possible exception of the bellicose pacifists of the League of Nations Union in this country—are the Soviet oligarchy and their colleagues and well-wishers in Paris. To them the idea of the defection of Belgium from their Popular Front against Fascism in general and Germany in particular has somewhat the same effect as that created on the school bully when the small boy at last turns round and says he will fag for him no more. But Belgium will be wise to have the courage of its convictions. The best way for a nation to ensue peace is to show that it desires peace ; not peace with some and hostility towards others, but peace towards all who respect its boundaries and its national life.

Can France and Germany Look Inward ?

As yet it would not seem on a superficial inspection that this tendency had spread very strongly to France. But the idea of peaceful and ordered attention to his own lovely country is quarried deep in the soul of every Frenchman. It is true that many members of the Popular Front Government in Paris are in close and sympathetic relations with the Government of Moscow. But it was not so much because of this as in spite of it that the democracy of France clothed them with power. The reason for the return of the Front Polulaire were economic and domestic. Had the devaluation of the Franc not been delayed it is improbable that they would ever have achieved power. As it is the French as a nation have no love for Communism or for those who shape Communist policy in Moscow. No French Government will succeed in persuading the French nation to march against Germany in the interests, or even in the

defence, of Soviet Russia. Many people of France would prefer to-day to see an understanding between France and Germany. Germany has now renounced all claim upon the formerly disputed provinces of Alsace-Lorraine. What is there then which divides Germany from France? Nothing except memories and the distrust which inevitably springs from the policies of pacts and covenants. The more one nation looks inwards the more encouragement is there for its neighbour, freed from the crushing burden of distrust, to do the same.

Tasks for British Statesmanship

THE lesson of this simultaneous trend of opinion all over the world should not be lost on our Government or our people. It is of course entirely lost on the progressive section of the population who are notoriously reactionary and hidebound in their adherence to antiquated and illogical views. It is not however lost on the Conservative Party; and it is their business to see that the Government follow a Conservative and National policy in this regard. A settlement of the trouble in Palestine; an understanding of the sort indicated above with Germany; a resumption of a good understanding with Mussolini which was broken by the inept folly of sanctions; friendship with France based on the clear understanding that we will have no part nor lot in conflicts carried on or occasioned in the East of Europe; the accomplishment of these things would free our attentions for the urgent and imperative tasks of National and Imperial policy which await us. England is a commercial country, and her problems are those of a commercial people. The Empire too is commercial; and there is still much to be done in the drawing closer of the commercial ties between the various parts of the Empire. This is a task for British statesmen which touches us more nearly than the partisan clamourings of a distracted Europe. There is again the problem of the distressed areas. At the Conference and elsewhere Conservatives have been urging the Government to define their attitude in this regard; but the Government is unwilling to do so. There is the vitally important question of the Government's attitude to industry. Should it be placed in the fetters of planning or

should we retain our faith in the traditional Tory principle of leaving the day-to-day conduct of industry in the hands of those whose business it is to understand it, and of restricting Government interference to creating the best conditions for the prosperity of industry and for ensuring that none of those who contribute to that prosperity shall go without their fair share in its rewards ?

Fascists, Communists and the Police

THESE problems are popular and national ; and yet they await an answer because our Ministers are too prone to wait on the supposed requirements of internationalism. This being so it cannot altogether be wondered that we are witnessing in this country some of those clashes between political extremes, which at one time or another have been the commonplace of less happily situated countries. No one can but regret the scenes which have disfigured part of the life of London. But it is as well to be perfectly logical in our estimate of the situation created by the conflict between Sir Oswald Mosley and the Communists. It is no more provocative on the part of the Fascists to march through the East End than it is for the Communists to march, as they frequently do, through the West End for the purpose of denouncing the Monarchy and the existing social system. If the streets of the East End are to be barricaded against the Fascists, then presumably we shall have the approaches to Hyde Park barricaded against Communists. In normal circumstances the Police are fully capable of ensuring quiet and order at political meetings as was shown on the occasion of Sir Oswald's postponed march. On the first occasion their conduct was beyond praise, but their immediate efficiency was necessarily somewhat impaired by the fact that hand weapons leave something to be desired against the artillery of missiles. The methods employed by the hooligans were Continental methods ; they must understand that if these are repeated the logical corollary is the vesting of Continental powers and methods in the Police for the purpose of checking them. We cannot allow our Police to be exposed in the discharge of their duty to the abominable attacks which in many cases were made

upon them. The magistrates are to be congratulated on the decisive way in which they have dealt with these cases. As an indication of the sort of thing our magistrates have to put up with in these cases is the report of a case following the Mosley demonstration at Leeds. There a man, on being asked why he threw a stone, replied that Sir Oswald was very provocative. On being asked of what the provocation consisted he replied that he had advocated "Britain for the British."

The Left Looks Outward

Such tactics and such expressions of opinion are the surest method of bringing Fascism to this country. The method of avoiding its necessity is the broadening of the base of the Conservative movement in this country and the giving to it of a greater national unity. To do this the Conservative Party must become more national, not only in its aims and objectives, but in its appeal and its personnel. As I said last month, the best and most obvious field for the expansion of the Conservative Party is that of organized labour. No government can be a really National Government if it is out of sympathy with organized labour. The Conservative Party should not be out of sympathy with the Trade Union movement. There are not wanting signs that the Trade Union movement is becoming increasingly less sympathetic towards the doctrinaires of the Socialist Party. Thus Mr. G. D. H. Cole comments sadly in the *New Statesman* on the preference shown by the Edinburgh delegates for Mr. Bevin to Sir Stafford Cripps. The same paper has startlingly discovered that the "immediate urgency of Left victory in Great Britain is a necessary pre-requisite of British collaboration with the Left forces in Europe." It may surprise them to know that the majority of members of Trade Unions are not as interested as they are in Left movements abroad. Like King Leopold of the Belgians, the two candidates for the American Presidency, the non-political rank and file in France, and the great mass of the Conservative Party, the Trade Union movement is looking inward.

And the Right Inward

However disappointing this may be to *The New Statesman* and the type of Socialism which it represents, it has a message of encouragement for the Conservative Party. Expression was sought to be given to the feeling that the time was ripe for a Conservative challenge to the Socialist hold on Trade Unionism in an amendment at the Conservative Conference at Margate. By the inscrutable wisdom of the Executive the amendment was ruled out of order. But the point was clearly made in the speech of the author of the amendment and was loudly applauded by the Delegates. They showed themselves wiser and more prescient than the Executive. In the face of the forces that challenge it, Conservatism can in no way afford to be a complacent acquiescence in the *status quo*. It must have the spirit and force, though not the paraphernalia of a crusade.

Agricultural Notes

By Rusticus

In most parts of England and Wales the harvest is over. I can only remember one more trying season since the War and then we finished carting oats on the Sunday of Harvest Festival. That was tempting Providence a little. At the end of September I drove across England and things seemed desperate. In Oxfordshire I saw oats and wheat sodden wet and a few enterprising farmers had put the former up into Scotch cocks. At the time of writing a stretch of frosty weather that has blackened the dahlias has enabled the stubbles to be cleared. The yield is going to be very poor and on my land I can only say that the barley is a good sample. That alas is no comfort nowadays unless you have compromised a local brewer by owing him money.

The most awkward problem I have had to face this time has been a heavy lattermath of clover which in a normal summer would have gone up on the rick in early August. Now in October I have it growing in the same field as some roots and I am not tempted to fence it off as a piece of late grass for the cows. Moreover, the piece has got to be ploughed for winter wheat so there is no time to pen over the sheep. The result is that the whole crop will be ploughed in, and I have a feeling of frustration and a sense of having, wasted an asset. This is an example of how perverted is our sense of values, because forty years ago " soiling " a heavy crop of seeds would have been good farming. We think so much of a crop's cash value nowadays or its feeding value for stock that we forget that the land too wants food. I shall have to wait and see what the ensuing crop yields but it won't want for lack of humus.

* * *

In September I was round several big sheep-sales looking for some good stamp theaves and ewe lambs to fill up gaps in my breeding flock. There seem to have been no reliable farm sales of sheep nearby and in open market a good sheep is almost impossible to come by. At a well-known Cotswold market where before the War downland sheep of uniform character could be bought off any farm, the amount of

trash that came under the hammer was appalling. This endless crossing with an eye on the consumer through the butcher is going to have serious consequences. There are very few flockmasters left who breed up to a definite type. I suppose the pressure of the bank and the demoralizing interest of the Government in the consumer, rather than the land, is responsible.

In the lean years after the War many of the upland arable farmers forgot that sheep were for cultivation as much as for cash profit. Moreover a downland flock should be an appreciating asset and not a machine for producing lambs. It is the whole difference between the downland and the mountain sheep. The economics of the farmer in each case is different ; the upland arable man has more irons in the fire and is paying a higher rent for his land. The result of this false tendency was that a succession of grassland breeds found their way on to the Berkshire Downs, the Chilterns, the Cotswolds and other light arable districts. The sheep soon turned the hardly improved pastures back into natural sheep run and fertilizers soon ceased to provide the arable land with all that their interested purveyors claimed for them. Another grouse I have with these slipshod methods of farming is that the advantages claimed for a good " cross " by the butcher has usually been long negatived. At first a good cross between two pure types often achieves admirable results for market, but you cannot go on crossing for the market with a nondescript breeding flock.

These fashionable idiosyncracies are still prevailing. I have noticed that at all our ram fairs this autumn the breed of the country has been neglected and the most distant and unsuitable imports have been at a premium.

* * *

I have before me one of the most alarming documents I have read for some years. It is the report of the Midland Agricultural College on the farming of the sand land in the Sherwood Forest. People do not seem to realize as they read complacently of droughts in America and the vain efforts of the unemployed in the Tenessee Valley to replace the soil that persistently blows away, that the same thing is beginning to happen in this country. This dispassionate

and factual report is something that all agriculturists should read. I quote two typical passages :

> "To-day a competent observer would tour this "area with growing depression. The farms, in general, "are undermanned, undercultivated and under- "stocked. Lime deficiency is almost everywhere glar- "ingly obvious. Many of the water-meadows, costly "projects of a century ago, are falling into disrepair "and disuse. On some estates the carefully made "roads and commodious farmhouses and buildings "show only too clearly the effect of nearly a quarter "of a century of neglect. Where the estates have "carried out the repairs and improvements consistent "with the principles of good management doubt is "frankly expressed as to how such expenditure can be "repaid out of the diminishing rentals.
>
> "Where the farmer is struggling to keep the whole "of his farm under cultivation with depleted staff and "capital his lack of success is too often evident in "large 'seeds' fields which are little better than "areas of forest grass, sorrel and twitch,* with rarely "a sprig of clover to reward the diligent sheep : in root "breaks wellnigh covered with a carpet of 'dother,'† "the unsownheadlands mute evidence of surplusland: "in thinly-standing corn crops which scarcely merit "and are rarely rewarded with the tribute of a scythe "to 'open out' before the binder."

And then again :

> "These sand farms are essentially livestock and "arable farms. In the face of adverse economic "conditions the farmers have allowed their stock "numbers to decrease : they are farming arable farms "with a skeleton labour staff : the essential policy of "liming is being neglected: rotations are modified and "cash crops like sugar-beet and wheat are partially "displacing those crops necessarily marketed through

* Couch or creeping wheat grass.
† The local name for spurrey.

" the livestock : and, finally, the milk churn is becom-
" ing increasingly important throughout the area."

If the Minister of Agriculture would peruse carefully the documentary evidence at the end of the report, he would find the root causes revealed. At Doncaster market in September, 1935, first quality two-year-old store cattle were quoted at £12 10s. The store producer cannot do it at the money and as the report points out " the solution of the paradox lies in the return for fat cattle." That, as a matter of fact, is really the solution of the paradox of the whole of British agriculture. Again, the sheep prices for five years at the same market tell the same story especially in 1932. This means an absence of humus from a soil where it is the *sine qua non* of cultivation. The result is that the farmer is driven to experiments at the expense of the rural population and the land.

* * *

Following a recent address by Mr. Orwin, there has been a lot of discussion lately in the agricultural press as to what is good farming. Surely it is all summed up in that excellent phrase " good heart." The good farmer is the man who keeps every headland and corner piece in " good heart." Land, like the engine of a locomotive or a ship, responds to a certain limit of speed and effort and in accordance with its capacity loses efficiency if stretched to any greater extent. It is keeping every acre for which rent is paid up to that limit of fertility and productiveness that is the essence of good farming. Despite what scientists may say this noble art of good husbandry has been understood by practical men for generations as farming " according to the custom of the county." It is not a question of strict rotations on the one hand or resulting profit on the other, because the former is intended as a general safeguard against exploitation and the latter it is the duty of a wise government to ensure, having regard to the costs of a commodities production. There is really no dispute if it is remembered that farming is a craft which leaves its hallmark principally on the land, and not as is so often contended in this economic age, an industry.

Sunset Island

By Piers Clerk

THE people of Sunset Island, which once lay to the west of the sunken continent of Atlantis, were descended from the strongest and boldest stocks bred on the coasts of the northern sea.

Nature herself was their farmer. She, who never yet chose a people, had chosen the island and farmed men on it. It was no accident that the men of Sunset Island were feared and worshipped on the Atlantic continent. The island was a prize which tempted only the most daring and fell only to the most skilful.

Many more of those who wished to go to Sunset Island were drowned than landed there. Many more of those who landed were killed at once than lived to breed. Nature reserved her prize for those who were greater pirates than the holders, for the reckless who were bound to their desire, for those who excelled in obedience to her laws.

That is why you and I, brother, look so strangely at a sunset and hear old tales of an island in the west which is haunted by the shades of heroes.

It is fear that makes you run your eye over the clouds and pretend you like the colours when the sunset seems large and near, as a dog sniffs at anything when it is off to hunt and is called back. Your fear calls you off, and so you turn to study something you have been taught to study when you are idle and have no desire.

For you and I are descended from men who went to Sunset Island, though they would not recognize us as their children. When you see a sunset you prove what I am telling you.

It is right that you should know how Nature farmed the island, for she still reserves her prizes for the reckless who are bound to their desire and who excel in obedience to her laws.

She picked her men, as I have said, for seamanship, endurance and assault. Those who did not pass her test she threw away, and she was careful to destroy the children of her stock if they sank below the old standard. She was jealous.

Her women were the women of the men she had picked or the best of those they had conquered, for it is in her law that men must be picked more carefully and discarded first if the breed weakens. Yet she chose her women shrewdly.

Do not say, because her test was of piracy and war, that Nature is a bad farmer, for she farmed well. Say rather that because Nature is a good farmer the test must be of piracy and war.

It was for the arts of peace that the men of Sunset Island were famous in Atlantis. To live well was their religion and they cared little for trade, save as an excuse for exercising their seamanship and increasing the awe in which they were held abroad.

How can I describe their faith to you, brother, who have no desire and scarcely a rumour of wisdom to which you may bind yourself ?

You must remember that they were chosen by Nature to man her island. They were servants of a purpose, bound and free. They walked upright and rarely laughed. They worshipped and practised but never played after their fourteenth year.

There was a tale of a woman who had taken in a shipwrecked stranger and fed him, and was burned together with him by her neighbours because charity is an offence against Nature.

There was another tale of a wise king who killed three men by his own hand because they had driven a peasant whose crops had failed to a hard bargain.

These tales and many others were told often in the halls of the kings and their nobles when they worshipped. They loved to learn the lessons of the past and they looked with pride towards the future.

But why should I tell you of the men of Sunset Island brother ? You must hate them because they flourished, because they had health and strength and were bound to their desire. You prefer a tale of mannikins who could not hurt you and whose children will be fewer and smaller than themselves.

Taste for Nature

By Gervase Smith

It is taken so much for granted to-day that Nature is a desirable thing that we are apt to forget that this has not always been the case.

Primitive people obviously like their cornfields, and equally obviously fear and dislike the wild country around them because of its real and its imaginary dangers.

In a rather more advanced state of civilization mountains and forests are considered useless and probably harmful as the suspected haunts of wild beast and brigands. Torrents are difficult to cross and may easily cause floods and the sea is cold and dangerous.

During the Middle Ages, forests were the scenes of gay adventure ; stags were there for hunting, and there were spears to break at bridges, or indeed at any convenient spot. But one did not go out unarmed, and at night one sought the friendly shelter of a castle and remained there wisely till daybreak.

To mediæval minds naturalism was unthinkable. They did not love things as they were ; they did not (as we do to-day) even love things as they had been. Rather they loved things as they might be, and all this their art reflects, for it was always expressive of an exaggerated ideal.

At times they made some attempt to observe natural things about them for a background or a border, but their observation was superficial. We have only to look at their drawings, paintings and sculpture to realize how little were they interested in the exact representation of natural forms.

The strange theory that they were trying to draw in the proper manner of Guido Reni or Sassoforato, but were sadly incapable, has at last been abandoned. We have to admit that they drew as they did because that was the way they liked to draw ; and it was not naturalistically. They did not like Nature, nor could easily have been persuaded to fight wars over roses ; it is not easy to credit them with exaggerated feelings for flowers. Chaucer, however, bedecks the fields with a will and says of the Squyer, son of the Knight :

" Embrouded was he, as it were a rede
Al full of fresshe flowers, whyte and rede."

In Elizabeth's time there was no realistic love of Nature, though Shakespeare was always ready to play happily with the " darling buds of May," or to describe an ideal scene as a setting for an idyll. But the wild storms were all too near, the country was not in itself desirable. The nearest approach was the " wild " part of Bacon's garden. Though enclosed by the hedge, it consisted of briars and honeysuckle ; wild strawberries and thyme were grown on artificial mole hills.

But this was only a passing fancy, soon to be replaced by the Dutch garden and its elaborations, despite the warning of Bacon against cutting images in juniper and box and " arching water without spilling, and making it rise in several forms, of feathers, drinking glasses, canopies and the like."

The seventeenth century was in fact very little concerned with Nature. The general commercializing of the country and the gathering of the population into towns lessened the rural attractions of hunting and jousting. The wild country lost its romantic pleasures and became more and more regarded as an unpleasant space which, if it had to be crossed, was hurried over as quickly as possible.

Forests were still dark and dangerous, and Comus, without hesitation

" At last betakes him to this ominous Wood
And in thick shelter of black shades embowr'd
Excels his Mother in her mighty Art."

Mountains were even less to be desired than woods. They were waste land. They could not even be cultivated. With their snows and avalanches, storms and torrents they were dangerous ; and life was then sufficiently uncertain, without the need for courting dangers.

Nature was pleasant only when understood and tamed. Sir Thomas Browne dotes on the " palisadoed " thistle, and becomes erudite over the quincuncial ordination of fruits and flowers. He observes happily that the regular

dropping, by butterflies, of eggs from behind " doth neatly declare how nature Geometrizeth." (The big G and little n show very clearly his ideas on comparative value.)

The seventeenth-century poets had small interest in nature though they could sing of flowers and Marvell was passionately fond of trees. Milton describes occasional landscapes, but they were chiefly concerned in metaphysics and philosophy, and references to Nature were either incidental, or careful parallels.

By the end of the century, however, things were beginning to alter. Though Claude was born in 1600, it was nearly a hundred years before his pictures became popular in this country, and another quarter of a century elapsed before there was any noticeable result in England.

Thompson published the first of his Seasons—Winter—in 1726, and Dyer's Grongar Hill dates from the same year. Both poems are full of landscapes in the manner of Claude with the necessary contrast of scenes from Salvator Rosa. The picturesque school of poets was well on its way, and Nature must be idealized.

The next step was to alter the countryside so that it should also approximate to the classical landscape. Until then the gardens surrounding the country-house had been in the elaborate manner of the Dutch, or the more grandiose style that Le Nôtre had devised for the great French palaces. But all this was soon to change. It is generally considered that Vanbrugh was the first to suggest that the landscape should approximate to a picture. As time went on this idea was more and more thoroughly worked out.

In 1728 Kent had said that a park should be " a continued series of new and delightful scenes at every step we take," and by scenes he meant, not a new vista of topiary or urns, but a new and properly composed picture in the manner of the landscape artists. With very little modification this course was pursued all through the eighteenth century. Nearly always the pictures of Claude were considered the proper models, and innumerable parks have his amphitheatrical composition, with open glades running down to a lake, while wooded hills rise on the further side. Both Capability Browne and Humphrey Repton had

variants on this arrangement. It is surprising how successful are these settings for grand houses.

Occasionally attempts were made to reproduce the more ferocious aspects of Nature. Chambers was willing to build a ravine or a tottering grotto, in the manner of Salvator Rosa, but generally these were more for arousing emotions of terror or surprise, than from a love of the sublime in Nature.

In the middle of the seventeenth century Evelyn in Italy decided that it was " as if Nature has here swept up the rubbish of the earth in the Alps, to form and clear the plains of Lombardy." In the early eighteenth century Gray was able to admire the sublimity of the Alps from a distance, but when actually among them, in the wild roads through the snows, he longs to get away from this cold and unpleasant country, and arrive in warm and sunny Italy. But appreciation, even of this sort was fairly rare until the end of the century. Most of the scenes that Walpole admired were of the idyllic nature and to a great extent the " sublime " was more popular in literature and pictures than in actuality.

In England the Lake District was one of the earliest pieces of mountainous country to be discovered and appreciated. There were several letters and pamphlets written, that rapturized over its picturesque glories ; and here the Rev. William Gilpin made one of his famous " Picturesque Tours," published towards the end of the century. In this, as was his custom, he printed a series of the very charming aquatints which he prepared from the carefully composed water-colours and drawings that he had made on the spot.

Gilpin had an extreme admiration for Nature, but, for all that, he was always willing to point out Nature's lapses from the picturesque. If Nature made a mountain too lumpy or too pointed for its position in the landscape, Gilpin had no qualms about correcting the fault ; in his drawings he was perfectly willing to alter and re-arrange just as he thought fit. He was very fond, not so much of Nature, as what he considered Nature should be, and as a general rule that was the prevailing outlook of the time.

William Beckford was probably one of the first people

to be impressed by the natural beauty of the mountain scenery. At the early age of seventeen he started an Alpine romance—the Vision—which showed a very real and genuine appreciation of the more horrid aspects of Nature.

Later, in his letters, he writes vivid accounts of mountainous country, and there is a long description of how he watched, from a mountain top, clouds and mists dissolve until finally " the Beams pierce the Vapour on every side ; long streaks of azure sky, partial prospects, open like a Heaven ; Rivers as extensive Regions all unfold," and, eventually, " the Lake appears in all its azure glory."

Here, at last, Nature (in one of its more obvious grandiose moods) is being appreciated for what it actually is. He is not looking at the view as though it were a picture, and criticizing its more obvious faults of composition. As he says himself, he has been " steeped in the sensations which arise from the contemplation of the great objects of Nature."

Slowly the classical concept is being abandoned. Nature is no longer a toy that can be decked out to make a proper background for man. A place untouched by Man, the heart of Solitude again becomes desirable, not now as a refuge, for the disconsolate lover, but as a place where real beauty still lives. Already the way is prepared for that green and lonely island " where only man is vile."

Such a surprising and forcible statement was, of course, led up to by a large and growing tradition of Nature worship. The philosophy of Wordsworth was probably the first that expounded the theory that wild Nature could be identified with God. For him there was no doubt that man's so-called improvements were nearer sacrilege than anything else. He was quite rightly annoyed when Sir G. H. Beaumont, painting in the Lakes, places on top of one of his favourite hills an imaginary castle. It was a direct insult to Nature, to God ; also, the hill looked much better without the castle.

In her charming and delightful way Dorothy Wordsworth acclaims in her journals a very similar outlook to her brother. She marvels shyly over sunsets and hills, over flowers and wild children, seeing in them all the direct and wonderful work of God. For her to criticize, as Gilpin had

done, was unthinkable. The whole outlook on Nature had changed to one of happy acceptance. If there were faults, the faults were man-made. Truly wild Nature was the perfect work of God.

As this theory became more generally accepted, the effect on painting was obvious. To compose in the grand manner of Claude was, from this point of view, highly improper. If wild Nature was the untarnished handiwork of God, to alter or arrange in the picturesque manner was decidedly wrong. The painter must take great pains to copy what he sees as correctly as possible. Hazlitt in an Essay "On the Pleasure of Painting" says that "No angry passions arise to disturb the silent progress of the work.... There is "no juggling," here, no sophistry, intrigue, no *tampering with the evidence* ... but you resign yourself into the hands of a greater power, that of Nature, with the simplicity of a child, and the devotion of an enthusiast! To those who believe that God and Nature are entirely in harmony, to copy, and to meditate while copying, is a very pleasant religious practice.

At first, tradition was too strong for this outlook on painting to apply very seriously to any but the amateur. In France the Barbazon School had suggested these ideas. But in England it was not preached till much later, and then by the Pre-Raphaelites. Holman Hunt wanted "to return to Nature and paint things as they were." (Rossetti, however, wanted to bring into art a new poetic and romantic temper.)

A few years before the Brotherhood was formed Ruskin had published the first volume of *Modern Painters*. Ruskin, for all the contradictions in his writing, had a very keen appreciation of Nature. He realized that love of mountains was a taste of the time and that "till Rousseau's time there had been no sentimental love of Nature." When he was twenty-two he noticed a "bit of ivy round a thorn stem ... and proceeded to make a light and shade pencil study of it.... Carefully, as if it had been a bit of sculpture.... When it was done I saw that I had virtually lost all my time since I was twelve years old, because no one had ever told me to draw what was really there!"

Nearly twenty years earlier Hazlitt had arrived at the same conclusion, but the idea had spread very slowly and Ruskin had made for himself a momentous discovery. Soon after the ivy Ruskin made a drawing of an aspen tree in the woods near Fontainebleau ; he came to the conclusion that the aspen was beautiful, " more than Gothic tracery, more than Greek verse-imagery, more than the daintiest embroiderers of the East could embroider or the artfullest painters of the West could line," and added that "this was indeed an end to all former thoughts with me."

Some years later, " on fine days, when the grass was dry, I used to lie down on it and draw the blades as they grew, with the ground herbage, of buttercups or hawkweed mixed among them."

Ruskin did not consider himself a painter, though his drawings were always charming. He was an amateur with a very great influence as an art critic ; but his love of Nature, which was, of course, only one among his many loves, carried great weight with the public. The Pre-Raphaelites and their School held very similar views to his—Millais' procedure in painting the flowers round Ophelia must have been very like Ruskin's.

Holman Hunt also was interested in the humbler forms of Nature. " In the meadows below, the young currant revelled in freedom, oftentimes taking a double course around mounds of earth furnished with flourishing growth, then going again and channelling itself through ditch-divided banks, under a forest of willows." He painted a fig tree direct from Nature, its leaves and branches in full sunlight, with what was then unprecedented exactness . . . " also a patch of grass with dandelion puffs and blossoms, and over one of the last a bumble-bee hovered with gold and sun banded body."

As the century went on, hardly an aspect of Nature was left unappreciated. In the Yellow Book, Netta Syrett says, " The hills were uninteresting enough in themselves ; they had no grandeur of outline, no picturesqueness even, though at morning and evening the sun, like a great magician, clothed them with beauty at a touch." The dullest possible country has been chosen—all the more obvious landscapes

having been overtired by frequent exhibition—and the sun is used to gild it. The actual facts of Nature have given place to its strict visual appearance. It is an acceptance of the views of the French Impressionists. After a quarter of a century their ideas were gradually appearing in this country, though appreciation of their paintings was to wait for another ten or twenty years.

Meanwhile, a parallel movement was growing up which thought little of Nature. Wilde much preferred artificialities. He was happier in a comfortable chair than on one of Nature's seats—a tree trunk or a stone. He was not in the least inspired by mountains or the sea; and flowers, for him, were preferably orchids, for they, at least *looked* as though they were artificial.

Wilde's ideas and theories suffered a severe setback by his fall; but by the time of the Yellow Book they were again slowly coming to the fore. Beardsley disregarded Nature entirely. Mockingly Beerbohm toyed with a gilded lily. Victoria Cross says "I do not profess to admire the simple violet; I infinitely prefer a well-trained hot-house gardenia."

They were, however, sailing rather near the wind. Beardsley was strongly disapproved of; and in the second number his drawings are severely criticized. Subsequently he had to withdraw. Art was not the place for such gay frivolity. Introduced by such people, it could only mean one thing. Introduced respectably, however, by Society, it became under the reign of Edward something to be desired and enjoyed. Those not in Society carried on the Nature-loving tradition of Ruskin and a diluted version of the Art aims of Morris.

The War put a final end to the social frivolities of the Edwardians, but the Nature lovers happily survived. To day they have shown their love of Nature, not as in the eighteenth century by converting the countryside into picturesque parks but by banding together and buying for the nation great tracts of wild country that otherwise would have become built over and spoilt.

"Little we see in Nature that is ours."

Review of Current American Politics

By Sir Anthony Jenkinson

At a time when the nations of Europe are forced to-devote all their energies to the solution of inter national problems, America, separated by three thousand miles of ocean from the scene of European conflict, feels at liberty to attempt to set her own house in order. Domestic affairs, not foreign, occupy her attention. At home, she is confronted by many urgent problems. Serious labour troubles are threatening in several of the major industries. Economic recovery, though evident in some sections of business, is on the whole slow in coming, and the nation is still burdened with some twelve million unemployed. There is a current budget deficit of $4,400,000,000, due largely to the continued necessity of unemployed relief expenditures; and the public debt has now reached a figure of $34,000,000,000. Above all, America is in the throes of a presidential election in which fundamental issues are at stake, and which promises to be one of the liveliest in American history.

At first glance it might seem that, as regards the two major political parties at least, there was no clear-cut issue in the campaign. The Republican platform adopted at the Cleveland convention apparently endorsed, rather than repudiated, most of the New Deal legislation. Superficially at least, it bears a striking resemblance to the Democratic platform adopted at the Philadelphia convention. Both promise federal unemployment relief payments, social security programmes, strict anti-monopoly legislation and an improved civil service system. Both pledge a sound currency, though here Governor Landon, the Republican nominee, went so far as to say, in his last-minute telegram to the convention, that for him sound currency meant an ultimate return to the gold standard. Both promise minimum wage and maximum hours legislation, together with other protection for labour. Both are lavish in their promises to help the farmers, the Republicans actually undertaking to provide bigger farm subsidies than the

Democrats. Both pledge tariff protection for both industry and agriculture, though here the Republicans make a further bid for farm support by promising repeal of the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act. Both are predominantly isolationist in their foreign policies, the Republican platform renouncing " foreign alliances," the World Court and the League of Nations, and the Democratic platform stating, " We shall continue to observe a true neutrality in the disputes of others ; . . . to guard against being drawn, by political commitments, international banking or private trading, into any war which may develop anywhere."

Superficially, then, it might seem that there was no vital difference between the aims of the two parties. When Mr. James Farley, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, said in opening the Democratic convention at Philadelphia, " The issue in this election is the New Deal " ; and when the Democratic platform stated, " The issue is clear : the American people are called upon to choose between a Republican Administration that has and would again regiment them in the service of privileged groups and a Democratic Administration dedicated to the establishment of equal economic opportunity for all our people," it might seem that both were trying to convince the voters that the Republican party had not stolen the New Deal's thunder, that it had not, in fact, changed overnight into a genuinely liberal party. Closer examination, however, shows that the philosophies of the two parties differ fundamentally. On three points, I believe, is this most clearly seen.

The first concerns their respective attitudes towards the Constitution. The Democrats acknowledge that American industrial corporations have expanded to the point at which individual State legislatures are powerless to control them. A nation-wide industry clearly cannot be regulated by any single State government ; and in any case, if such regulation was attempted, the industry would not be slow to move out into the next State. Accordingly, if industry is to be controlled in the interests of the American people, it must be controlled by the federal government, not by the States. Here, however, the Constitution presents a problem. For the Constitution permits that the federal government shall

interfere only in inter-state, not intra-State, trade. Since most industry, however widespread its ownership and control, can be interpreted as being intra-State, it is evident that there is little room for federal control. Industry, itself free to ignore state boundaries, is sheltered from federal control by the doctrine of states' rights. Moreover, the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, adopted shortly after the Civil War specifically to protect the rights of newly-freed slaves, decrees that no state shall deprive any citizen of his " life, liberty or property without due process of law." In practice this means that the States themselves are limited in their power to regulate industry within their own boundaries. Last June, for instance, the Supreme Court of the United States held unconstitutional the minimum wage law for women of New York State on the grounds that it violated the " due process " clause: that it interfered with the rights of employers and women to make contracts as they pleased. The Constitution, in fact, cuts the ground from under the feet of all forms of government regulation of business, whether the government be federal or state. Governor Landon, in his telegram to the Republican convention, went on record as favouring a constitutional amendment to permit the States to enact minimum wage legislation. But, as has been seen, action by individual States for this purpose is entirely ineffective. The Democratic platform, on the other hand, specifically declares:

" We know that drought, dust storms, floods, minimum wages, maximum hours, child labour and working conditions in industry, monopolistic and unfair business practices cannot be handled exclusively by 48 separate state legislatures, 48 separate state administrations and 48 separate state courts. Transactions and activities which inevitably overflow state boundaries call for both state and federal treatment."

" We have sought and will continue to seek to meet these problems through legislation within the Constitution."

" If those problems cannot be effectively solved by legislation within the Constitution, we shall seek such clarifying amendment as will assure to the legislatures of

the several states and to the Congress of the United States, each within its proper jurisdiction, the power to enact those laws which the state and federal legislatures, within their respective spheres, shall find necessary in order adequately to regulate commerce, protect public health and safety and safeguard economic security."

The decision of the Democrats to seek amendment of the Constitution where necessary is clearly of the utmost significance. It reveals two things: first, that the halo of sanctity which has hitherto surrounded the Constitution is being dissolved; the subject of constitutional change is no longer taboo. Secondly, it shows that the Democrats are determined to go forward with the policies of the New Deal "as they affect the personal, financial, industrial and agricultural well-being of the American people"—to quote the platform—even though those policies run foul of the industrial and financial interests of the nation. "The privileged princes of these new economic dynasties . . . created a new despotism and wrapped it in the robes of legal sanction," said President Roosevelt in his widely-acclaimed speech of acceptance at Philadelphia on 27th. June. Now those "robes of legal sanction" are about to be removed.

It should be emphasized, however, that the New Dealers are only prepared to seek constitutional amendment as a last resort. They look rather to a new interpretation of the Constitution, on the part of the Supreme Court judges, as a means by which their programme may be continued. Such a new interpretation, they hold, would be by no means impossible. For not only has there been, in each anti-New Deal decision of the Supreme Court, a strong dissenting minority opinion; but also it is more than probable that, owing to the advanced age of the judges, several vacancies in the Court will appear during the next few years. These vacancies could, of course, be filled by men whose attitude towards the New Deal was known to be sympathetic. Indeed, gossip has it that President Roosevelt already has his substitutes waiting; Professor Felix Frankfurter, it is said, will be the first to be called upon.

The second major difference between the Republican

and Democratic parties is to be found in their respective Labour policies. Both uphold the principles of collective bargaining in their platforms, but whereas the Democrats support the worker's "right to collective bargaining and self-organization free from the interference of employers" the Republicans pledge themselves "to protect the right of labour to organize and to bargain collectively through representatives of its own choosing without interference from any source." The point at issue between the two parties is to be found in these last few words, "without interference from any source." This is generally held by Labour to mean "without interference either from employers or from representatives of outside trade unions." Here is to be found the issue which is probably the most important in American affairs to-day—the issue between industrial unionism and craft, or company unionism. Political and economic conflict in America will centre round this issue for a long time to come. In the immediate future, it is likely to be the basic issue of the approaching presidential campaign.

A craft union is "horizontal" in the sense that it embraces the members of any given craft—carpenters, machinists, electricians—regardless of what particular industry may employ them. An industrial union is "vertical" in the sense that it embraces all the workers in a given industry, whether they be, say, carpenters, boilermakers or machinists. The American Federation of Labour has hitherto been composed largely of craft unions, the members of which, skilled, well-paid and exclusive in their policies, have constituted the "aristocracy" of Labour. Of late, however, there has been a growing demand, both on the part of certain leaders within the A.F. of L. and of the mass of unskilled, unorganized labour outside the Federation, that craft unions should be replaced by industrial unions. They base their claim on two arguments. First, that the policy of the craft unions to remain "exclusive" and keep out unskilled labour—which, if permitted to enter, would force down wage rates—renders them wholly incapable of exerting real pressure on employers for betterment of labour conditions. Secondly, that the nature of

modern mass production methods in industry renders craft unions impracticable. Mass production machinery, it is argued, has so narrowed the distinction between crafts that, if a strike on the part of one craft union within an industry takes place, the jobs of the strikers can readily be filled by " scabs " taken from one of the borderline crafts. Further, friction between craft unions within an industry is caused, and their bargaining power reduced, when any particular job of work can be performed by the members of several crafts, so that their respective unions are obliged to fight for the privilege of getting the job. For these reasons advocates of Industrial unionism insist that collective bargaining can only become effective if craft unions are swept away and industrial unions, embracing all workers within a given industry, are put in their place. Similarly, they insist that "company" unions, which are confined to individual plants, and which are thereby accused of being dominated by employers, should give way to industrial unions.

Opposition to this vital change in trade union structure comes from two quarters. First, from those conservative leaders of the A.F. of L. who, by reason of the well-salaried jobs they hold as craft union officials, have a vested interest in the craft union system. Such a one is Mr. William Green, President of the A.F. of L. Secondly, from the majority of American industrialists, who fear that the spread of industrial unionism would so strengthen the power of Labour that they would be forced to make drastic concession as to hours, wages, and general conditions of work.

The Republican platform, in pledging the right of labour to organize and to bargain collectively through representatives of its own choosing " without interference from any source," has been generally held to mean that a Republican Administration would not permit representatives of an outside industrial union to seek membership for their union amongst the workers in a plant organized along " company " or " craft " lines. In other words a Republican Administration would not permit John L. Lewis, President of the United Mine Workers of America, the strongest industrial union in the country, and militant

leader of another industrial union, the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers, to encourage the workers in individual steel manufacturing plants to throw up their company unions and join the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers.

The Democratic platform, on the other hand, in upholding the right of labour to collective bargaining and self-organization " free from the interference of employers," is understood to imply that a Democratic Administration would definitely support the workers in their effort to rid themselves of " employer-controlled " company unions and organize into powerful industrial unions. That such is the case there can be little doubt. The Roosevelt Administration has clearly given its support to Labour in its fight for industrial unionism. And in return Labour, or at least the militant section of Labour that demands industrial unionism, has given its political support to Roosevelt in the November election. Both the Committee for Industrial Organization, comprised of ten left-wing unions within the A.F. of L., and Labour's Non-Partisan League, have pledged support for the President. The C.I.O., under the leadership of John Lewis, has a membership of 1,000,000, out of a total A.F. of L. membership of 3,000,000. Due to the split between the industrial and craft union elements within the A.F. of L., it may be that the C.I.O., by giving its support to Roosevelt, will drive William Green and the conservative section of the Federation into the Republican camp. But in any case the mass of labour, intent on securing the growth of industrial unionism, and at present unorganized, will remain to give solid backing to the President. Ultimately it is probable that a strong labour movement, organized along industrial union lines, will lead to the formation of a Labour, or Farmer-Labour Party—with perhaps John Lewis himself, Governor Floyd Olson of Minnesota, one of the La Follettes of Wisconsin or Norman Thomas, present Socialist candidate for the Presidency, as its head. Certainly the growth of industrial unionism in England towards the close of the nineteenth century contributed towards the formation of the Labour Party at the beginning of this century. But for the present, at least,

Labour in the United States has no reason to believe that it could serve its interests better than by giving its whole-hearted support to President Roosevelt.

There can be no doubt that the New Deal is genuine in its attitude towards Labour. The National Labour Relations Board, set up under the Wagner Labour Relations Act, has actively protected the right of Labour to organize into industrial unions ; and, since in the past in many cases the courts have ruled the Board unconstitutional (on the ground that it is interfering in intra-state trade), it is likely to become increasingly effective now that the Democratic Party has taken a positive stand on the question of constitutional amendment. Again, two acts passed during the last session of Congress illustrate the present Administration's attitude towards Labour. First, the Strike-Breaker Act makes it illegal to import strike-breakers to " obstruct or interfere, in any manner, with the right of peaceful picketing during any labour controversy affecting wages, hours or conditions of labour, or the right of organization for the purpose of collective bargaining." Secondly, the Government Contracts Act provides that those firms who do business with the Government must fulfil standards as regards wages, hours and conditions of labour similar to those formerly contained in the N.R.A. Since, as a result of New Deal policies and expenditures, the Government has many dealings with private industry, the results of this Act are likely to be far-reaching.

The attitude of the Roosevelt Administration towards Labour is of great importance, not merely because it differentiates the New Deal from the Republican Party, but also because it holds out hopes that serious labour strikes, at present in prospect, may be avoided in the United States. Strikes are on the point of breaking out in the steel, automobile, textile and Pacific coast dockers' industries. The American Iron and Steel Institute has virtually declared war on the 500,000 workers in the steel trades who are determined, in the near future, to organize their industry along industrial union lines. It may be that the only thing that will prevent the strikes, with all their disastrous consequences as regards violence and upset of business,

will be the hope of the workers and their leaders that, through a second term of office of the New Deal Administration, they may gain at least part of their demands through peaceful, rather than violent, means.

The third important difference between the Republican and Democratic parties lies in their attitudes towards taxation, balancing the budget and relief expenditures. Although the Republican platform does not indicate any immediate intention of a Republican Administration to reduce federal expenditures in order to balance the budget, in the long run they must inevitably attempt to do so. For one of their bitterest criticisms of Roosevelt is that he has broken the promises contained in the Democratic platform of 1932—promises to reduce federal spending and achieve a balanced budget—and instead has squandered money on various relief projects until the public debt, under the New Deal régime, has been increased by over $13,000,000,000. Aside from their conviction as to the necessity of a balanced budget, consistency alone demands that they make an attempt to balance it. It is evident from their platform, and from the speeches of Republican leaders, that they would endeavour to do so by drastically cutting federal relief expenditures, by broadening the base of the income tax, and by getting increased revenues from sales and other indirect taxes. Clearly this programme would hit hardest those in the lower income brackets. The Democrats, on the other hand, whilst expressing a desire to balance the budget, look for it to be achieved through a general return of economic prosperity, with a consequent increase in revenue from taxes " levied in accordance with ability to pay " and a diminished need for federal unemployment relief payments, rather than from any violent cutting dowu of expenditure. Moreover, the Revenue Act of 1936, passed during the last session of Congress, has introduced higher taxes on corporation profits. The New Deal's fiscal seems clearly designed to benefit the " Forgotten Man " rather than those whom the President characterizes as " economic royalists."

It is important to note that the difference between the spending policies of the two parties is qualitative as well as

quantitative. The Democrats intend to continue the programme of the Works Progress Administration, a federal body which carries out extensive public works projects throughout the country. The Republicans, on the other hand, insist that the federal government should undertake no relief projects of its own, but should make grants-in-aid to state and local governments for this purpose. This difference expresses one of the Republican's most rooted objections to the New Deal. They claim that the New Deal Administration, by spending billions of dollars on federal relief works, is intentionally building up an all-powerful political machine: in other words, that the Democrats are buying votes with the tax-payers' money. The patronage control of this machine is strengthened, they say, by the army of New Deal jobholders created in Washington. They argue that this new political machine has given to President Roosevelt dictatorial powers over Congress, since individual congressmen, whatever their personal feelings, dare not fly in the face of so formidable a vote-getting machine. Thus the historic tradition of the separation of powers, the separation, that is, of the Executive, the Legislative, and the Judiciary branches of government, as decreed by the Constitution, is being flouted. The fundamental concept of Government by Laws and not by men is rapidly being reversed, is the sincere opinion of many critics of the New Deal. The New Dealers reply that relief projects to benefit the unemployed, together with other emergency measures to facilitate the return of economic prosperity, call for national rather than local action; and that, if federal action is at times inefficient, nothing could be more disastrous than to leave the problem of unemployment in the care of corrupt local politicians.

* * *

We have seen that the basic philosophies of the Republican and Democratic parties differ most widely on there points: their respective attitudes towards the Constitution as it affects the powers of the federal government; the right of labour to organize into industrial unions; and the problem of taxation, federal expenditures and a balanced

budget. It might be worth while now to try to discover some of the main trends in the policy of the New Deal.

At the present time the New Dealers are probably chiefly concerned with the breaking down of industrial monopoly. In the early stages of the New Deal they accepted " bigness " in industrial organization as an inevitable fact, and consequently their aim was to submit " bigness " to government control—along the lines of the N.R.A. To-day, however, the New Dealers have changed their minds, Instead of wanting to control " bigness," they want to break it up. Monopoly is now the *enfant terrible* of the New Deal.

" Monopolies and the concentration of economic power, the creation of Republican rule and privilege, continue to be the master of the producer, the exploiter of the consumer and the enemy of the independent operator.... We pledge vigorously and fearlessly to enforce the criminal and civil provisions of the existing anti-trust laws, and to the extent that their effectiveness has been weakened by new corporate devices or judicial construction, we propose by law to restore their efficacy in stamping out monopolistic practices and the concentration of economic power."

So runs the Democratic platform. And President Roosevelt, in his speech at Philadelphia on 27th June, in which he accepted the Democratic nomination of President, said further on the subject :

" ... Out of this modern civilization economic royalists carved new dynasties.... Through new uses of corporations, banks and securities, new machinery of industry and agriculture, of labour and capital—all undreamed of by the fathers—the whole structure of modern life was impressed into this royal service.

" There was no place among this royalty for our many thousands of small business men and merchants who sought to make a worthy use of the American system of initiative and profit. They were no more free than the worker or the farmer.

" ... Throughout the nation, opportunity was limited by monopoly. Individual initiative was crushed in the cogs of a great machine. The field open for free business

was more and more restricted. Private enterprise became too private. It became privileged enterprise, not free enterprise."

It is evident that this emphasis upon the need to break up privileged monopoly is in no way socialistic. Rather, the reverse. For whereas the socialist accepts as inevitable the monopolistic tendency of industry in a modern capitalist economy, and seeks to convert the private ownership of monopoly into public ownership, the anti-monopolist seeks to destroy combines and return to a free competitive economy in which small independent producers can compete with one another in fair, uninterrupted competition. The New Deal at present is bent upon rescuing those whom the President characterizes as " small business men and merchants who sought to make a worthy use of the American system of initiative and profit."

The Republicans, too, have gone forth to do battle against monopoly. The anti-monopoly plank in their Cleveland platform was just as vigorous, just as emphatic, as the Democrats' plank. The Republicans, however, are open to suspicion in their sudden enthusiasm for " trust-busting." For not only are they traditionally the party of " Big Business," but also it is apparent that monopoly cannot effectively be broken up without strong federal action, and this cannot be taken without constitutional amendment, or at least without a much more liberal interpretation of the Constitution than has hitherto been given by the Supreme Court judges. Such constitutional amendment the Republicans are not prepared to demand. They claim that monopolies can be broken up, and the economic system once more be rendered perfectly competitive, simply by invoking the existing anti-trust laws. Since, however, these laws have in the past successfully been evaded—largely due to the genius of corporation lawyers—it does seem that the sincerity of the Republicans' sudden zeal for the destruction of monopolies is open to question.

As for the New Dealers' present stand against monopoly, it is not, perhaps, a sudden change on their part. Probably they never regarded the N.R.A., and its underlying principle of government control of private monopoly, as being any-

thing more than an emergency, short-term measure. President Roosevelt, Mr. Henry Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Rexford Guy Tugwell, head of the Resettlement Administration, Mr. Harold Ickes, Secretary of the Interior, and Mr. Harry L. Hopkins, head of the Works Progress Administration—the key New Dealers—have all of them had, since the inception of the New Deal, a hankering for a return to a rural economy in which workers in small, decentralized industries could combine their work at the factory with a little domestic farming on the side. To make possible this decentralization of industry—on the lines proposed for many years by Henry Ford—and its accompanying rural rehabilitation an abundant supply of cheap electricity is essential in country areas. The President's fight against the private utility holding companies is a manifestation of his determination to obtain such a supply. The Tennessee Valley Authority seeks to attract industries into this area by establishing cheap power rates; and at the same time to provide a yardstick against which private utility rates in other parts of the country may be measured, and as a consequence reduced. Similarly, the Rural Electrification Administration is specifically designed to provide cheap power throughout the country. The current popular agitation in America for the elimination of monopoly blends comfortably with the New Deal's basic philosophy of decentralization of industry and a return to a rural economy.

It might be added here that this long-term, industrial decentralization policy of the New Deal is directly in conflict with its present desire to help Labour to organize into powerful industrial unions. Small, decentralized industrial units would give little scope to Labour to organize collectively. Hence, a powerful labour movement, organized along industrial union lines, is unlikely ever to allow a programme of decentralization of industry to be carried out.

A second important trend of the New Deal is to continue its policy—formerly carried out under the A.A.A., which was ruled unconstitutional by the Supreme Court last January—of regulating the production of agricultural crops so that farm prices may be brought into line with industrial prices,

and farm incomes generally raised. The Soil Conservation and Domestic Allotment Act of February, 1936, provides that the farmer shall be paid a subsidy for that portion of his land which he turns back to grass, thereby at one and the same time restricting production of his crop and helping to solve the serious problem of soil erosion—a problem created by the twin evils of drought and the over-hasty ploughing up of land and cutting down of forests. Since, however, a separate organization, the Soil Conservation Service, was instituted early in the New Deal, specifically to deal with the menace of soil erosion—a very good job it has done—the conclusion cannot be avoided that the Act of last February was primarily a means of circumventing the Supreme Court's decision regarding the A.A.A. and carrying on the Administration's former crop-restricting policies. The new act, like its predecessor, is as likely as not to be ruled unconstitutional; but such a ruling is unlikely to embarrass the Administration in view of the Democratic party's new attitude towards constitutional amendment. Crop restriction, in fact, is likely to continue until the domestic and foreign market for farm products becomes large enough to make restriction unnecessary.

A third trend in present New Deal policy is the sudden enthusiasm of New Dealers for producers' and consumers' co-operatives. This in part merely reflects the sudden "craze" for co-operation which is at present sweeping America. Oddly enough, the 90-year-old, vigorous co-operative movement in Great Britain has come in for little attention. Sweden is the focus of all eyes—largely because of Mr. Marquis Child's current best-seller, "*Sweden the Middle Way.*" It has suddenly occurred to people here that co-operation may hold the solution to all economic problems —a solution, it is thought which combines the best features of socialism and capitalism. America, in fact, is in the process of being "sold on" co-operation. Mr. Henry Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture, in a recent magazine article, goes as far as to say: "The co-operative way of life must pervade the community, and this means there must be consumers' co-operatives as well as producers' co-operatives, and ultimately industrial co-operatives."

Mr. Wallace is generally several steps ahead in New Deal thinking; but in this case it may be that he is preparing the way for a more general acceptance of the co-operative idea in the United States.

* * *

Lastly, there is the trend in the foreign policy of the New Deal. Discussion of this must of necessity be somewhat speculative, since no cut-and-dried foreign policy has yet been announced. It is, however, definitely in the making within the conclaves of the State Department, and, when put into action, it will undoubtedly be of great consequence to other nations. In the main it will centre round the forthcoming Pan-American peace conference at Buenos Aires, probably to be held in August. At that conference an attempt will be made to work out a policy of strict neutrality for the two American continents in the event of war elsewhere in the world. The feeling of the American people has never been more isolationist than it is to-day. They may have their sympathies for oppressed minorities and their dislikes for European dictators; but those sentiments do not make them any the less eager to keep out of all European entanglements. Any lingering feeling they had that it was their duty to co-operate with other nations to keep the peace of the world was removed by the League's failure with regard to Ethiopia, and by Great Britain's subsequent reversal of policy regarding sanctions and her relative withdrawal from European commitments. If the American people is predominantly isolationist, so is the present Administration. So, for that matter, would be a Republican Administration. The Republican platform at Philadelphia stated: "We pledge that America shall not become a member of the League of Nations nor of the World Court, nor shall America take on any entangling alliances in foreign affairs." The Democratic platform stated: "We shall continue to observe a true neutrality in the disputes of others; to be prepared resolutely to resist aggression against ourselves; to work for peace and to take the profits out of war; to guard against being drawn, by political commitments, international banking or private trading, into any war which may develop anywhere."

The Neutrality Act of February, 1936, extending the Neutrality Act of August, 1935, until 1st May, 1937, provides in brief: that there shall be no export of arms, ammunition or implements of war from the United States to belligerents in time of war; that there shall be no trading in the securities of, or loans made to, belligerents; that American ships shall not carry arms or implements of war to belligerents; that American citizens may travel on belligerents' vessels only at their own risk. The Act does not legislate that there shall be any limitation of ordinary commodity exports to belligerents; it does decree, however, that the President shall have power to interpret as he likes the term "implements of war," and it is generally held that in the event of war exports to belligerents would be restricted to peace-time quantities. Contrary to the usual belief, it is probable that United States producers would readily co-operate to keep exports at a normal level. The profit motive notwithstanding, they, just as much as ordinary citizens, are anxious that America should not get embroiled in a foreign war through an effort to protect overseas trade interests.

It stands to reason, however, that U.S. producers will be much more willing to restrict their exports if they see that producers in the Argentine, Brazil and other Latin American countries, and also in Canada, are also restricting their exports to belligerents. Hence, at the Buenos Aires conference, an attempt will probably be made to get some agreement amongst the various American nations, regarding exports in time of war, in order that a true neutrality may be possible in the American hemisphere. Whether or not an effort will be made to create an "American League of Nations" it is of course impossible to say. The main object, however, will be to establish an effective neutrality policy for the two American continents.

The Pan-American conference is likely to have two further objectives. In the first place, it is clear that a strict American neutrality, necessitating restriction, or at least stabilization, of exports to belligerents, would lead to considerable economic hardship. The price of peace, in terms of tightened belts, is not likely to be a negligible one.

Consequently, it may be that at the Buenos Aires conference an effort will be made to compensate for the loss of foreign trade in war-time by increasing trade between the various American nations on a basis of reciprocal trade agreements—such as that negotiated last year between Canada and the United States.

The other objective of the Pan-American conference may concern America in her policy towards Japan and the Far East. This policy is notoriously obscure—if, indeed, it exists at all. Will America fight to protect her commercial interests in China? Will America really withdraw from the Philippines, and leave them at the mercy of Japan? Will America stand by whilst Japan gobbles up China and becomes supreme in Eastern Asia, eventually also perhaps in the entire Pacific area? or will she co-operate with Great Britain in an effort to halt Japanese aggression? Such questions as these will perhaps never obtain a clear answer, so conflicting are the various American interests in the Pacific area. Commercial interests in China as opposed to sugar interests in the U.S. are responsible, perhaps, for the paradox of a huge American navy being built at the same time as America undertakes to withdraw from the Philippine Islands. Again, the fact that Japan is the best customer for the cotton produced by America's Southern States may account for the fact that New England textile manufacturers find it difficult to get anyone in Washington to listen to their demands for tariffs against Japanese imports. Such conflicting interests as these make it impossible, perhaps, that America should ever have a consistent Far Eastern policy. But it may be that, at the Buenos Aires conference, America will try to arrive at some understanding with the other American countries with regard to the Japanese problem, so that, in the event of collective economic action being taken against Japan, by the various nations with interests in the Pacific, a truly effective contribution may be made by the nations of the two American continents acting together.

In this discussion of the long-term trends in New Deal dolicy—trends relating to monopoly, agriculture, consumers' and producer co-operatives and foreign affairs—it has been

assumed that President Roosevelt would be re-elected in November and the New Deal be given another four years of office. Is such an assumption legitimate? In conclusion let us estimate briefly the President's chances of re-election.

Against him are ranged four main factors. First, the Republicans have clearly built their programme with a view to getting the farm vote. They undertake to pay the farmer even greater subsidies than he is now getting from the New Dealers. They promise to repeal the Reciprocal Agreements Act, which hits certain agricultural interests by permitting the import of farm commodities from Canada and elsewhere. And in Governor Landon they have a "dark horse" candidate whom they hope—by reason of the fact that he comes from a middle-western farming area and is essentially a "man of the people"—will cause a landslide of farmers' votes to the Republican party.

Secondly, the President has business ranged solidly against him. One of the most remarkable phenonema in America to-day is the bitter dislike, a personal dislike, of Mr. Roosevelt on the part of the entire monied section of the community.

"They hate Roosevelt" was the title of a recent magazine article here, and it did not exaggerate the feeling against the President. This antipathy comes in part from the view that Roosevelt is a "traitor to this class"; that he has broken all the election promises he made in 1932; that he has built up an immense and corrupt political machine, largely with public funds, that is rapidly giving him the powers of a dictator; that the government is becoming one of men and not of laws, in direct opposition to the original intention of the Constitution; that the President, himself an intellectual rather than a business man, has surrounded himself with "brain trust" professors, many of them of Jewish extraction, who meddle with business without knowing the first principles of business administration. Basically, however, their opposition to him comes from their fear that the President will succeed in taking away certain of their economic powers.

Third, a considerable number of people, who cannot be classified as "economic royalists" have a genuine fear that

the New Deal's spending policies are creating strong vested interest groups in the community, groups looking to the federal government for aid without at the same time realizing that ultimately they will have to share the burden of a perpetually unbalanced budget. Further, it is feared that the immense increase in the federal pay-roll under the New Deal, an increase largely subjected to the patronage system, is destroying the chances of an honest Civil Service being created in Washington.

To offset these factors unfavourable to the New Deal there are the following four considerations. First, that the present Administration's agricultural programme, for all its faults, has considerably raised the general level of the farmers' income, and has done much to prevent the havoc wrought by drought and soil erosion. The bulk of the farming population is unlikely to desert Roosevelt for Landon in November.

Secondly, the New Deal's spending programme, whatever its basic intention, has undoubtedly had the effect of tremendously strengthening the Democratic party machine. Federal expenditures may be vital to the needs of the country; but the accusation cannot be avoided that they have given an overwhelming advantage to one political party. "The voters are not likely to kill Santa Claus around Christmas," said Al Smith a year or so ago, and the same holds good for to-day.

Third, there is a strong feeling on the part of many Americans in the humbler walks of life that President Roosevelt is honestly devoted to their interests; that he is determined to tear down the "palace of privilege" and in its place build a society in which there shall be genuine democracy of opportunity. This feeling is strengthened by the fact that the President is bitterly attacked by such institutions as the American Liberty League and the Hearst Press, both of which are generally regarded as symbols of "Big Business." It is interesting to note, in this respect, that Governor Landon and the Republican Party are anxious not to be "sponsored" too openly by the right-wing Democrats, such as Al Smith, who have denounced the New Deal, the Hearst newspapers, and the Liberty League.

Fourth, a substantial section of Labour, represented by John L. Lewis' Committee for Industrial Organisation, with its membership of 1,000,000 within the A.F. of L., and its considerable influence outside the Federation, has pledged its support to Roosevelt during the coming election. Though this may result in the more conservative, craft union element in the A.F. of L. going over to the Republican cause, the mass of Labour, at present largely unorganized and intent on building up a solid industrial union movement, would remain to give solid support to the New Deal.

Lastly, there is the all-important factor of President Roosevelt's dominant personality. His skill as a political leader and his popular appeal have perhaps never been greater than they are to-day. His speech of acceptance at Philadelphia on 27th June, before a visible audience of 110,000 and an invisible radio audience of millions throughout the nation, has been generally acclaimed as a masterpiece that will take its place amongst the great speeches in the history of the American nation. As a radio orator the President has no equal in the United States to-day. He has, furthermore, the gift of being able to give of his best when the occasion demands. These personal qualities alone may secure his re-election in November.

The Rise and Decline of Norfolk Farming

By Cloudesley Brereton

NORFOLK, with some 740,000 acres under the plough and 40,000 odd labourers, is the largest arable county in England. But this is not so much due to its natural fertility as to human ingenuity. Like Gaul it may roughly be divided into three parts; a broad strip of very fertile fen land to the West, another fertile belt to the East of a line drawn from Cromer through Aylsham to the Suffolk border and between the two a far more extensive area of over 600,000 acres amounting to two-thirds of the whole county, whose soil is mainly composed of glacial drift, much of it sand and gravel, with heavier land in patches. The great bulk of it is in fact light land, a good deal being heath and waste land reclaimed at the time of Coke and "turnip" Townshend, this being supplemented by the enclosures of common lands which took place on a large scale at the time of the French Revolution, when corn-growing became a valuable business, though I can just remember some of the last that took place. I shall say very little of the two side strips, which thanks to their inherent fertility have largely held their own.

The revolution in arable farming effected by Coke and Townshend not only made the cultivation of these reclaimed wastes possible, it also brought them to a high state of productiveness. Again the general adoption of their methods raised the entire standard of farming throughout the country which became a model of the best farming for the entire world. Only the other day I learnt incidentally that their methods had been copied with suitable modification even so far north as Cromarty.

The four course shift which formed the base of the new system consisted in cutting out fallows and substituting a fourfold rotation of wheat, turnips, barley, grass; providing thus for the cleaning of the land and keeping it in good heart. The latter depended on marling or liming the land from time to time and in keeping a large head of sheep and

fat cattle in order to provide the necessary manure—the straw-made manure and the folding of the sheep, being indispensable to maintain the requisite humus, the lack or wastage of which is one of the main causes of the disaster which is turning whole States in America into desert.

Thanks to the four course system Norfolk agriculture managed to hold its own during the long drawn out slump which followed the conclusion of the Napoleonic wars. Most of the land was in strong hands, having passed in many cases into the possession of the *nouveaux riches* who had made their fortune during the war and aspired to lead the life of a country gentleman. On the other hand it proved the undoing of the small holders, or statesmen (estatesmen) as they were called—a name that, by the way, lingered on much longer in Cumberland—and the labourers had a terrible time. A period of large farms and large estates followed, and every landowner was fired with the ambition of rounding off his property in a ring fence.

In spite of a temporary setback caused by the repeal of the Corn Laws in the 'forties farming gradually improved. Capital continued to flow into agriculture. Money made in industry was put back into the land, the desire of the successful manufacturer to found a county family being stronger than ever. It was an ambition which was still going strong when I was a child but it has practically ceased to-day, having received its *quietus* from the death duties. But at that time there was the sort of feeling that except for the " Funds " there was no investment so safe as land.

Farming again had been helped by improvement, in methods and machinery—a movement which began according to Lord Ernle in 1837. Fertilizers gradually came into use, cattle and sheep breeds were improved, largely through agricultural shows, of which Coke's sheep shearings at Holkham were doubtless the forerunners. Machinery came, if gradually, more and more into use, though even I can just remember flails being used to thrash the corn in the barn. Extensive draining was carried out and farm premises were wonderfully improved. Landlords had money to spend and did not hesitate to spend it. Transport was greatly improved by the railways. They had not yet concentrated

on cheap through rates for foreign stuff to the neglect of the home producers. There were ups and downs, but Norfolk thanks to its mixed farming, suffered less than other districts, and in the 'fifties was certainly a prosperous county, especially after the gold discoveries in California and Australia helped to raise prices.

Times were also good in the 'sixties and with uniformly favourable harvests the wheat acreage of the country rose to 4,000,000 acres, of which Norfolk furnished a substantial part. But after the Franco-German war, things took a turn for the worse. By 1875 the world price of wheat began definitely to depress the price of the home-grown article. The competition of Australian wool played havoc with the price of wool—an important item in those days to many farmers. I can just remember a farmer telling my father he had paid his rent one year (£500) with his wool clip alone. (To-day he might make £60–£70.) A series of disastrous seasons followed. Land tumbled down to grass and many farmers in despair turned to dairying for which Norfolk with its dry climate is less suited than the West of England. The influx of a large number of Scotch farmers into East Anglia only partially replaced the hundreds who went under. Corn prices got worse and worse. Barley slumped as well as wheat. A friend of mine told me his father only averaged 7s. 6d. a sack for his whole crop. The rates hitherto nominal began to make their burden felt. But there were redeeming spots, which do not exist to-day when *rien ne va plus*. The Norfolk farmer could still count on a market for his mutton and pork, and above all for his beef, and the idea of Englishmen being fed on frozen meat to partial exclusion of the roast beef of old England would have seemed incredible.

But in the 'nineties things slowly began to improve. Once more the discovery of gold, this time in the Transvaal, led to a rise in prices. Thenceforth there was a slow but progressive improvement and by 1914 farming was on a high level once more and the Norfolk farmer was making a reasonable living. There were still several useful side-lines —horse breeding for instance for draft and omnibus horses. The London General Omnibus Company had 150,000 horses alone, and cabs and horse-drawn vans abounded. Again,

there was always a good demand for oats, hay and straw to feed or bed these animals, not forgetting the racehorses at Newmarket. The whole of this trade rapidly disappeared in the coming of the motor—one more instance of the way one market after another of the arable farmer has vanished. The labourer owing to regular employment and the low cost of living, was not too badly off on 14s. to 16s. a week and his harvest money, which practically kept him out of debt. A sack of corn was considered the equivalent of a week's wages. Before the introduction of the wheat quota in 1932 it had risen to two and a half sacks!

Then came the war and hectic profits were made—practically all of which, I shall show, have since been lost and a good deal more besides. In fact, as Lord Hastings said only the other day at Lynn the majority of farmers are *semi-bankrupt*.

The war, of course, proved a gold mine to the Norfolk farmer and the labourer also benefited: his wages rising at one time to 46s. a week equivalent to 56s. under the old scale of hours, or more than treble!

A good deal of grass land including many good pastures was broken up, but the land on the whole probably suffered from insufficiency of manure and of labour to keep it clean. Had the good times continued sufficiently long after the war, these things would have righted themselves. There was indeed a promise of farming conditions being stabilized when Lloyd George introduced his Act for a guaranteed price for wheat at 90s. a quarter. It was withdrawn after six months, but it lasted long enough to produce a veritable land boom. Many landowners, especially those with mortgages, took the opportunity to clear out, and tenants in numerous instances were forced either to relinquish farming or buy their own farms to prevent them being sold over their heads. This they did by borrowing money from the banks up to a third or even more of the purchase price. Ordinary land changed hands at £35 and even £40 an acre. To-day it is worth perhaps £10 to £12 and in many instances less. Several farms of this type were lately sold for £5 an acre, and only four years ago one changed hands at 34s. an acre; it would probably have made in the boom £25 an

acre. These owner-occupiers, if they have not been sold up, and many have, form the backbone of the tithe agitation. Their land is not even worth its pre-war value, yet their mortgages remain and the tithe is far higher—before the recent Tithe Act it was £109 10s. ; the same as that when the index figure for their produce was 253 as against 120 to-day ; in 1914 it was only £75 odd. As a tithe-payer and tithe owner I think the Government would have done a statesmanlike thing in making a grant to lessen the liability of those victims of its 1921 policy, and though I hope the present Act may settle the question, I do not expect it will. Happily the Church is now out of the business, but I foresee real trouble for the Government if prices do not rise, especially as tithe in this county is 6s. and 7s. an acre compared with a 1s. and even less in some parts of the country.

Toward the end of 1921 prices literally tumbled. With the repeal of the ill-designed guarantee for wheat, which, had it been arranged on a sliding scale, might well have continued, the arable farmer was exposed to the full blast of foreign competition aggravated by the brusque introduction of deflation which created a mass of unemployment in every kind of industry. In Birmingham, for instance, in July of that year there was practically no unemployment, in October 20,000 men were out of work. Agriculture probably came off worst of all, and certainly the arable farmer did. Farmers are used to suffering from attack from pests of all sorts, but probably no ravages have been worse than those caused by the " gold bugs." A stream of bankruptcies followed, and farmers whose families had been for generations on the land were obliged to meet their creditors. In one district of Norfolk there were between 1922–32 a hundred failures of farmers connected with the single branch of a single bank while the overdrafts alone amounted to £750,000, and these, I believe, have been little reduced. If we take the whole of central Norfolk, and certainly if we take all Norfolk, it is no exaggeration to say that since 1922 something like £7,000,000 have been lost by the Norfolk farmers. Yet the local banks seem to have been most considerate ; they only foreclosed in desperate cases. Had they carried out, as the Directors in London desired, a more drastic

policy, the result would have been a first-class agricultural crisis. In one case one of the most prominent farmers, known through the length and breadth of England, would have had to file his petition with a deficiency of some £10,000, and everyone who knows the position will agree the banks involved did the wisest possible thing in not taking action. I would add they are still exercising their policy of forbearance, in not foreclosing, but they refuse further credit. No one can blame them, but their struggling debtors lacking capital have been compelled to exercise the wrong sort of economies by cutting down their wages bill and head of stock to the untold detriment of the land.

To illustrate the rapidity with which losses were made I will give a few concrete instances out of many. One farmer who had made £25,000 in the war, lost the whole of it in a few years. Another who had been a steward and worked his way up to be a farmer made £12,000 in the war, lost the lot and had to apply for an old age pension. Another farmer, who nearly sold his farm in 1921 for £13,000, finally cleared out five years later, having dropped £8,000. And all these were practical hard-headed men. After 1923 the rate of losses declined till 1929 when a fresh period of depression set in owing to the steeper fall in the value of live-stock and barley. Between 1928 and 1931, a farmer on 180 acres with £1,800 lost the lot. Another who started rather earlier (1925) on a farm of 200 acres with a capital of £2,500 became insolvent in six years. Another on 518 acres lost £2,300 in three years. Another man described as " hard working and frugal," on 630 acres lost £6,000 in seven years. One of the biggest agriculturalists in the district lost over £100,000 in eleven years.

It is the awful and almost unbroken drop in prices which beat these farmers. The index number for cereals and farm crops dropped from 253 in the boom year of 1921 to 153 in two years and with a few minor fluctuations fell 114 in 1932. (If fruit and vegetables were excluded it would be still lower.) In a pamphlet I wrote in 1930 I noted that the drop in the years from 1926 to 1930 in the price of wheat, according to the Board of Trade, was at that moment nearly 50 per cent., in barley about 30 per cent., and in oats about 30 per cent.

To hark back a little, a strike in 1923 led to the establishment of wage boards. The strike was settled by the Government promising the farmers a tax on malting barley. This promise of Mr. Baldwin's has never materialized. Recently wages were raised, though conditions are certainly no better. No one grudges the labourer his wage, but until local wage boards are obliged to give specific reasons for their awards, as every judge in the country is obliged, farmers will not cease to feel that they are not getting a straight deal. The crisis occasioned by England going off the gold standard, failed to raise prices, but the institution of the wheat quota in 1932 when wheat had fallen below the price of 1914, undoubtedly, along with sugar beet, saved Norfolk from becoming a depressed area like Durham or South Wales. The Ottowa Conference only produced the formula still largely honoured in the breach, of the British farmer first, the Dominion farmer second, and the foreigner third. With the persistent drop in beef prices, a new crisis arose only partially stayed by the emergency payment, quite insufficient as our sterling member, Mr. Christie, pointed out in the House, of 5s. a cwt. on graded cattle. There is no room here to trace the chequered career of the Pigs Marketing Board which has every appearance of coming to an untimely end. The Milk Marketing Board has so far managed to maintain itself, thanks to having a first-rate manager, but there seems to be less money in it for the Norfolk farmer than elsewhere. Owing to the handicap of climate in Norfolk the grass is really only good for four or five months in the year compared with counties like Devon where it is good for eleven or twelve months. Many have only taken it up as a sort of Hobson's choice.

Of course, even before 1932 the four-course shift had been practically abandoned—all sorts of alternatives besides dairying were tried—a five-course shift, cross cropping (often disastrous), vegetables, which this year have, owing to a glut, proved in many cases unsaleable, black currant growing, &c. There has been no lack of experiment. We have probably the best experimental station in England, and in no county is the connection so close between the farmers and the station. But lack of capital must tell. The

land has deteriorated and that is even true of East Norfolk. Things have been slightly better since 1932 as the index figures show, but with wages more than 110 per cent. above 1914 and with the growing cost of social services estimated at 4s. an acre, there seems little chance for the farmer even if he keeps his head above water, getting out of the present slough of debt. Incidentally, it seems unfair that a farmer who employs a full complement of men, two or three to the hundred acres, and thus renders a direct service to the State by keeping men off the dole, should be at a disadvantage with a man who goes in for prairie farming, whether by keeping cows in the open or mechanization, and contributes a mere trifle to those social services. It is indeed doubtful whether mechanization is profitable in Norfolk. Where it has been tried, it has generally been a failure. On our light soils we could not easily adopt the Berkshire system as practised by Mr. George Baylis. The rainfall is less, and rainfall is an important factor in maintaining humus. There is also the question of liming. But the great objection of some of our most progressive farmers often with the heaviest wage bills, like Mr. C. T. Joice, is that it would wipe out village community life. In one village in Norfolk where it was tried, three or four men with tractors and driers displaced 40 labourers. If this form of *Latifundia* is ever adopted in Norfolk it will drive the labourers wholesale into the towns. We in Norfolk hold that *national wealth* is not the only aim of *national economy* but also *national welfare*. The whole rural community has been affected by this impoverishment of the farmer. The little country market towns have particularly suffered; their weekly auctions at which 40 to 50 bullocks used to be sold, are now kept mainly going as marts for poultry. Sheep lettings at places like Diss, Harling, Barnham, &c., some of which in their day had 20,000 sheep, have fallen to a third or a quarter of their number, though this year there is a slight recovery. But perhaps the most obvious proof for him who has eyes to see is to go into West Norfolk. At one time from any commanding spot he would have seen in the fields around some fifteen flocks of sheep, to-day he may perhaps see one, while many of the few cattle one sees are

there on the hire-purchase system. Yet as Lord Hastings has said, it is the land itself that matters, even more than owner tenant or landowners.

In spite of the recent rise in wages and the extension of the dole to agriculture the position of the average labourer is getting more unsatisfactory. Work is becoming increasingly seasonal and casual. The dole is a sorry substitute for continuous employment, not to mention higher wages, that the proper protection of agriculture would ensure.

Lord Hailsham made great play in the House of Lords the other day by complacently comparing 1936 with 1931. The recent agricultural returns showing a reduction this year of the arable land of the country by 285,000 acres are a sufficient refutation of his misleading optimism, while since 1931 75,000 have left the land. Moreover, the proper comparison is with 1914, when the land was in good heart and the farmer was not living from hand to mouth. Till the beef trade (and I would add the bacon trade) is put on a proper footing by an earmarked tariff as promised in the White Paper of last July and now ignored by Mr. Elliot, and a duty on malting barley or on all barley is imposed, things in Norfolk cannot substantially improve. Possibly the committee considering food supply will recommend a policy which will enable us to grow far more than we do and establish a well-balanced agriculture with standard prices. Farming is essentially a matter of long term planning, to employ a favourite catchword of the Government, yet one year there is a deluge of barley, another of chilled beef, another of butter and eggs. How can we possibly plan. What looked promising in the autumn may result in a dead loss next year, through the foreigner at once stepping in to profit by the slightest rise in price. *Do the Government really think they can keep land under the plough by keeping the farmer under the harrow?* They will have a rude awakening sooner or later. If ever we have a war, which God forbid, they will turn to the arable farmer and the Norfolk farmer in particular. He will no doubt do his best, but nothing can restore at a moment's notice the wasted fertility of the land. They will find they have sold their birthright, the arable land of this country, for a mess of miserable palliatives.

Looking Back and Looking Forward

A Plea for more Politics

By Douglas Jerrold

THE politics of the day before yesterday, late Victorian and Edwardian politics, were concerned almost exclusively not with the problem of "how?" but with the problem of "why?" with questions of principle as opposed to questions of practice, with the relations of Church and State, of industry and the State, of money and the State, with imperial government and constitutional practice. In those days the State was mainly concerned with the relationship between the different bodies of its citizens, or between the same citizens in different capacities. It had to decide, in settling these relationships, which things came first; liberty or order (Home Rule or Castle government); Church or State (Dis-establishment); good government or free government (the Franchise); the citizen as consumer or the citizen as producer (Free Trade or fair trade); the social value of an industry or its economic efficiency (agriculture and the repeal of the Corn Laws). All these questions were not questions of procedure but of principle, and once they were decided the citizen was left to get on with his tasks himself without any assistance or interference. It was never the State, but always the private citizen who in Victorian or Edwardian days was concerned with the question of "how?" The problem for the politicians was to settle which things were first, and hence the note of high-sounding eloquence which we miss in our politics to-day. To-day we have exchanged the atmosphere of the Senate for that of the company meeting, and pride ourselves that we have brought to the business of government men a very different type, not theoretical but practical, not orators but business men, not philosophers or historians but men of the workaday world.

In so far as we are right in concentrating all our political zeal on practical questions—housing, the slums, public

health, education, social insurance and the like, it is no doubt fortunate that these matters are not made the subject of gladiatorial displays of oratory in the House of Commons, but are handled mainly by practical business-men. But if it is the case that the very change in the nature of modern governmental activities is creating a new and complex series of strictly political questions, then the absence from the Conservative front bench of men who even claim to be profound students of theoretical politics ceases to be a matter for congratulation. I suggest, indeed, that almost the whole of our troubles to-day are due to the fact that we have ceased to look at the big questions and that the future of democratic government in this country depends upon whether the present Conservative Party will, in the near future, prove capable of facing these questions.

We are necessarily preoccupied to-day with the practical issues, because England, like Russia, Italy and Germany is embarked to-day on the great revolutionary experiment of the Positive State. Now the positive State represents, as near as may be, the complete reversal of our grandfathers' conception of the State. The Positive State is that kind of State which assumes, and is required by its citizens to assume, the ultimate responsibility for the lives and future of its subjects. The Victorian State was in reality no more than an *ad hoc* committee of the citizens to deal with grievances and to prevent powerful or privileged or wicked or foolish people from interfering with the welfare of the general body. The parrot cry of those days always was " What does the State mean by daring to interfere." To-day, the cry on all sides is " Why doesn't the Government act ? "

This revolution, for the change from the negative to the Positive State is nothing less than a revolution, is the salient political fact of the age. By comparison with this change in the scope and purpose of government, the question of the form of government is ludicrously unimportant. There is far more in common between our Government to-day and the contemporary Governments of Russia and Germany than between our government of to-day and our government of 1870. This does not mean, of course, that the

kind of freedom still possessed in England and denied abroad—the freedom of money and the freedom of speech—are unimportant. To politicians and bankers these particular kinds of freedom are all important, a fact which accounts for the permanent alliance between the City and Downing Street. As regards the great body of our citizens, however, the change from the negative to the positive State is far more important than anything else, and the gains which the mass of our citizens have already derived from the Positive State are such that they will not for a moment consider abandoning them, or seeing them whittled away, in order to preserve the right of a professor to write a pamphlet or of a usurer to make a loan.

The system of free trade and free money, the release of economic activity from political control, which was the principle of the age of Liberalism, was fatal not to economic efficiency but to social justice, and when the catastrophe of the war shattered the economic foundations of the system—which was international lending and free trade—there was, as a consequence, nothing left on which to build anywhere in Western Europe or the United States. Some States held out longer than others, but everywhere the change had to come, a new world of one kind or another had to be built, and built quickly. But it involved a complete change in our political habits and ideas. Indeed it is an interesting historical fact that the last experiment in the Positive State in England was in the days of Charles I, and that every single thing for which Charles was attacked by the Parliament has been within the last seven years undertaken by the National Government—monopolies, subsidies, cartels, the growth of administrative law, the depreciation of the currency and the attempt at a positive foreign policy on the Continent reduced to futility by the absence of national preparation.

I certainly regard this historical parallel as one which in certain respects reflects some degree of credit on the National Government. Doing otherwise, one would have to cease to write or speak as a Conservative. Once, however, we arrive at the Positive State, with all its incalculable powers for moulding the future of our country, our race and our

Empire, for good or ill, we have reached a point where the close and constant study of real politics becomes a vital necessity, and where we must beware of carrying over in the new age ideas proper to the old negative State. It was very sensible in the old days, when the function of the State was, at the highest, to keep the ring for private enterprise and initiative, to regard our democratic institutions as desirable in themselves and for themselves. Experiment had shown that when the ring was kept exclusively by the feudal lords, by the king's favourites, by the merchants, by the landlords or by the business men, it was not fairly kept : privileges grew up, interests were favoured, injustices were done to minority creeds, classes and interests. The solution was found in a liberal Parliamentary Constitution in which all classes and interests could get representation, and which could therefore be trusted to keep the ring impartially. It is merely ridiculous, however, when Government has arrived at the stage of assuming the guidance of the whole course of our economic development and of fixing the whole of our social relationships, to say that it does not matter what is done as long as it is done in a nice parliamentary way.

At home and abroad we are committed to-day to positive policies in which the Government has assumed limitless responsibilities for the lives of families and the destinies of States. How egregiously futile to say, in these circumstances, as our leaders are always saying, that all that matters is the machinery and not the output of the machine, that as long as we keep our Party system it doesn't matter what the parties do, that as long as the League of Nations is preserved it does not matter what happens to the nations which compose it.

We are to-day frankly obsessed by this question of method, by the question "how ?" when we ought to be asking ourselves every day and all day, "why ?" and "whither ?" In any case, the obsession is futile, for you will not preserve your form of government unless it functions wisely. Once you embark on the dangerous seas of the Positive State, your régime, be it Communist, Fascist, National Socialist, Catholic or Parliamentarian, is staked

on the result. It is inherent in the concept of the Positive State that its actions are irreversible, that its main lines can be changed only by revolution. By substituting the principle of organization for the principle of growth it becomes rigid. Let me give two simple instances.

Once you have depressed one industry and built up another by allowing free imports of a raw material on the one hand and stopping free imports of a manufactured article on the other, you have taken a step which is in practice irrevocable for a generation. Still another instance, even more striking. The finance of such a scheme as the widows' and orphans' pension scheme is spread out over the whole political lifetime of the next generation of politicians. Promises have been made which will have to be met, in the last resort, by taxation to be voted in 1960, to be voted, that is, by Members of Parliament not yet born representing millions of voters not yet born. Yet what they will have to vote in that year was decided in 1928. Out of a possible budget for 1960 of 1,500 millions, 1,200 millions, or twelve times our total pre-war expenditure, will be in respect of commitments entered into before the majority of the electorate of that day were born.

It becomes, from these instances alone, clear how strikingly the scope for self-government, the area within which changes are possible, economies introduced or new services inaugurated, is reduced year by year. By 1960 it is quite certain that we shall have reached the point when people, however often they may go to the polls and change the personnel of their government, will be unable in fact to change, by peaceful methods, the system under which they live. It will already have been determined for them by us. If the next generation finds itself born into a world which it does not like, it will not have the option of changing it by the peaceful path of evolution. It will either have to take it as it is, or reject it ; accept the order of life, the kind of society which it finds, or destroy the system which makes that way of life inevitable. And, of course, precisely the same is true of the inhabitants of the rival positive States now in being in Italy, Germany and Russia, and coming into being in Spain and France. What

matters in all these States, our own included, is not the kind of government which they choose but the kind of life which they are going to provide for the next generation. Are they going to leave enough scope for the free exercise and development of personality, for the liberty of soul and conscience, for the free play of character in action, to satisfy the needs of the next generation ?

At this point many of my readers will say : " Precisely : this is what we, with our free institutions can do while the dictatorships can not." Unfortunately that is precisely where they will be wrong. Not because a military dictatorship is a better or nearly as good a system of government as that alternative dictatorship of organized political interests which we call party government, but because the dictators, simply because they *are* dictators, are more keenly alive to the problem of finding an outlet (in the new world towards which we are all moving) which will be satisfying to the character and capable of preserving the energy of their peoples. Relatively to Russia, Germany and Italy, we in this country are standing still. All the interesting political and social experiments are being conducted today east and not west of the Rhine. While we are financing unemployment they are creating employment ; while they are making themselves self-supporting and conducting vast agricultural experiments, we are tinkering with the problem. Most important of all, while the authoritarian States are tackling, each in their own way, the key problem—the preservation of the small independent producer, farmer or distributor and the construction of some means of self-government in industry for large-scale productive enterprises we are contenting ourselves by stabilizing by haphazard subsidies the old relation of employer to employed and expecting the wage slave to be contented to give up his hope of independence in return for the privilege, admittedly denied elsewhere, of voting for one of two barristers who may descend on the town in which he works once in four years to ask to be returned to Westminster.

The electorate are deeply concerned with the kind of world that our politics are building for them. They do not care a row of pins for the system through which we build it.

The great majority in the country are neither organized labour nor employers: they are the great unorganized, engaged in agriculture, in banking and insurance, in commercial and distributive enterprise, in a thousand and one occupations which the unions hardly touch, and of those engaged in productive industry the majority are employed in, or, are running, small businesses employing less than one hundred people. If our new Positive State sets itself the task of preserving the very real economic independence of this class and progressively enhancing it, a world tolerable for liberty-loving people will result. But if it sets what is foolishly called efficiency first and tries to regiment the whole country into vast combines controlled by a few rich or privileged men (whether these are called capitalists or commissars matters not a jot) reclining on the backs of the taxpayer and waving the banner of national planning, it will inevitably fall, because it will be overthrown by the still unshephereded, unregimented majority who wish to retain not their political but their economic independence.

The Positive State cannot evade this problem. The State is expected to act, and in practice has to act because its commitments are so vast that it cannot stand aside from the more and more active supervision of every branch of trade, agriculture and industry. It has therefore got to move forward in one direction or another; towards the progressive building up and strengthening of the economic independence of the individual, and when, as in mass production industries, economic independence is impossible, towards effective self-government; or it must move inexorably towards the bureaucratic socialistic State. It has no hope, even if it were desirable (which it is not) of stopping halfway at a point labelled "National Planning," for Englishmen dislike being planned and regimented in the interests of a small class of big business men. If we imagine that the people will accept such a régime if they are told that it offers the only alternative to Fascism or Communism, we are mistaken. The English value their parliamentary institutions because they regard them as assisting the preservation of liberty. They will never sacrifice their liberties in order to preserve Parliament.

That is why we must not forget Fascism. Fascism is not a creed or a policy ; it is an anti-political revolt : the revolt of the unorganized, of the man on the land, the man in the shop, the clerk in the office, the small professional and business man against the big organized political interests. If the Party System proves here, as in France or Germany or Italy or Spain, incapable of safeguarding the interests and preserving the independence of this unorganized majority, then the democratic régime will fall in this country as it has fallen elsewhere. When we see a man who is neither a member of a powerful trades union, nor a big employer nor a bureaucrat, we should remember that he is a potential Fascist. And if we go out into the street and try and clasify in our minds the first one hundred people we meet we shall have discovered the simple statistical reason for the triumph of Fascism in every country where the powerful unorganized labour or capitalist or bureaucratic interests have tried to ride roughshod over the unorganized independent citizens who are the backbone of every great modern industrialized society. Let us take care of the potential Fascist and we need have no fear of Fascism, but we must remember the warning of Gilbert Chesterton :

> " Look on us, smile on us, pay us, but do not quite forget
> We are the English people, who have not spoken—yet."

Our difficulty in " not quite forgetting " is due in part to the fact that the tasks of the modern Government are so infinitely complex that they are always throwing up urgent practical problems which bury the all-important political issues under a mass of legislation. It is, indeed, arguable that Oswald Spengler was right when he said that reform would die choked by its own legislative offspring. " The dreary train of world-improvers," he wrote just before his death, " is coming to the end of its long amble through the centuries, leaving behind, as sole monument of its existence, nothing but mountains of printed paper." It is, indeed, almost inevitable that we should become pre-

occupied to-day with problems of what is, after all, mere organization. One instance, education, will suffice. When we hear that there is a new Education Bill coming along we know before we look at it that it will be concerned with "how?" and not with "why?" or "whither?" It will deal with buildings, with teachers, with pensions and with grants; it may say how many years a child must spend at school, but it will not say what the child is to be taught, still less will it consider the only thing that matters, which is what the children are learning. The educational machine is so vast, so complicated, so disputed between conflicting religious and interests that it takes an Education Bill every two years to keep it running. It creates its own problems so that when we talk of an educationalist to-day we no longer mean a great teacher or a great scholar but an expert in organizing and administering the educational machine. Yet if and when the Socialist Party achieves not office but power, we shall find that they will miss not the real point. They have, unlike most of us, a clear-cut idea of the kind of society they want to build, the kind of lives which they wish the people of the future to live, and they will not hesitate for a moment to use education for the purpose of educating the rising generation to a certain view of history, a certain attitude to life and conduct which will challenge in every particular the foundations of the Christian social order.

The truth is that the Conservative Party being at heart defenders of liberty are much handicapped in operating the Positive State. They do not really know where they want to get to. The Socialists do. Yet we cannot escape from the Positive State now, whatever we might have done in 1902, or even in 1911, or perhaps as late as 1918. So, I repeat, we must get back to politics.

And this brings me to Spain. We may think, perhaps, that Spain offers a tragic example of a country which has got far away from politics. It is, on the contrary, a striking instance of a country which is making a desperate, and a desperately gallant effort, to get back to politics. Overweighted with Conservative tradition, the majority of the nation gave themselves up for two generations to intermittent and not always effective efforts at keeping things going.

They were challenged and overthrown by a determined minority of revolutionaries, backed by a larger body of sentimental Liberals, most of whom are now turning their coats with more haste than dignity. The Socialist and Communist parties in Spain could not wait, in a country where they were strongly in the minority, to undermine the existing social order by peaceful propaganda and the slow but sure method of "progressive" legislation. They resorted to force and in so doing have provoked stronger force against them. But the new Spain which is now arising has learnt its lesson. It has realized that Christian society cannot be preserved except on a basis which allows men to lead Christian lives in dignity and self-respect. If Conservatism here refuses to do more than preserve a negative attitude, here too the forces of revolution will be given their chance and in the resulting struggle, Conservatives will have to support whatever party accepts and defeats the revolutionary challenge. If we are to avoid revolution, we must have an ardent and constructive political faith; we must know, in other words, exactly what we want and why we want it. In no other way can we hope to defeat the powerful organized international conspiracy which calls itself Marxian Socialism.

We shall certainly never defeat Socialism at home by allying ourselves with Socialism abroad in the interests of a system of world government which can only be set up at the price of a world war. If we wanted to spread and further the world revolution such a policy might succeed—the shocking catastrophe which it would provoke would certainly lead to a revolution of one kind or another, and it might be the Marxian kind. But we, who are not a socialistic but a Christian and conservative people, will never have our hearts in a Russian alliance against Christian people. All that will come of such a policy will be a growth of that political scepticism whose residuary legatees are either Communism or Fascism. We have got to ask ourselves abroad as well as at home, and ask ourselves quickly, not "how?" but "why?" and "whither?" Not how should we preserve the League, but is the League worth preserving? Not "is the League a good piece of political machinery?"

but "what kind of a world is the League creating?" And the same with our vast armaments; the question is not "how shall we re-arm?" but "why are we re-arming?". The Socialist Party are supporting the rearmament programme because they hope to use it in the interests of the world revolution against the non-socialist States. Such a war, they will tell us, will be a war for liberty against dictatorship, and indeed, this new war is already planned. The crime has not yet been committed, but we know the criminals. And with our fatal disinclination to look either backwards or forwards we are content to get together our armies and ignore the use to which they are likely to be put, and the kind of propaganda which is going to be put before the British public in support of the rearmament programme.

I confess that I am appalled when I read the Conservative papers and see them expressing if not delight at least acquiescence in the terms of the Labour Party resolution on armaments. This resolution embodies M. Litvinoff's sinister phrase about potential aggressors, and commits us to the doctrine that the world to-day is divided into two camps, one of which, under the leadership of M. Litvinoff, M. Blum and Dr. Benes represents virtue incarnate, and the other merely the obsolete and degraded forces of Christianity. How far we have not already got in our worship of what is evil, and in the false conscience which that worship provokes? Of this new and saintly coalition, the leading powers are France, who sent her Senegalese troops into the Ruhr, and Russia, who fights her civil wars with undisciplined Chinese mercenaries. Yet when the Spanish patriots employ a handful of Moorish troops against the declared enemies of Christianity, our bishops come forward to tell us that a crime has been committed. It is arguable that it is wrong at all times and in all circumstances to use pagan mercenaries of another race against Christian Europeans. It is arguable, though not by a bishop, that religion does not matter, and that troops of an alien race or colour should not be employed against any Europeans. But it is not arguable that what is virtuous and civilized in the case of M. Litvinoff, M. Blum and ourselves is an outrage in the case of General Franco. The attempt to argue this disgusting

and discreditable rubbish is fatally damaging to our prestige all over the world.

We have got, abroad as well as at home, to make ourselves realize that we have moved, for good or for evil, into the world of positive policies. Four great and powerful States in the world to-day—Japan, Russia, Italy and Germany—are all united on one thing. They want to change the face of this world, to alter the balance of power, to guide and determine the nature of the dominant civilization. They are animated one and all by coherent and powerful beliefs, conscientiously held. They think they have a duty to fulfil to the world and to posterity. They mean to try and fulfil it. We in our turn have got to make up our minds whether we wish to assist or to prevent the triumph of the forces of world revolution. It we stand for the revolution, by all means let us welcome the British Socialist Party's adherence to the programme of rearmament. But if we do not, we must be careful to see that we do not find ourselves pledged to an aggressive anti-German, anti-Italian, anti-Hungarian, or anti-Spanish policy as the informal price of the Labour Party's support. Public opinion once mobilized is hard to correct. The public believes quite a large amount of what it is told. We misled public opinion badly at the last election by loose promises to support the League without qualification and the result was a disastrous diplomatic defeat. The next time the result may be a world war in support of the anti-Christian policies of Russia and Turkey, a war which would not be merely disastrous but actively shameful, a war in which the enthusiasms of the British people could never be efficiently engaged, in which the Dominions would certainly refuse to share, and in which, for that reason, we should inevitably suffer defeat.

Between such a shameful and catastrophic end to our history as a great power stands one organization, and one only, the Conservative Party. We must see to it that it stands fast. But it will not save England from defeat abroad if it shirks the task of making up its mind about the first essentials of foreign policy, nor will it save us from revolution at home unless it is prepared here also to think about fundamentals, to decide what kind of world it wishes to

build, what kind of life it wishes to provide for its people. Having decided this, it must be prepared to act as ruthlessly and as vigorously as the advocates of revolution. The battle between bureaucratic socialism—the Slave State—and the State which rests on a secured, organized and entrenched system of real economic freedom, is going to be a hard battle. It will be won, but whether it will be won by and through our free democratic institutions, or only at the cost of these institutions, depends on us. If the Conservative Party devotes itself to the consistent and fearless application of constructive Conservative principles, parliamentary government will survive. But if we try to preserve the interests of big business by compromising with Socialists at home and to preserve our place in the sun by alliance with revolution abroad, then we shall have embarked on a course which must lead us through Communism and revolution to the tardy and dubious remedy of a Fascist régime.

The New Germany

By Randolph Hughes

> Er ist niemals gestorben,
>
> . . .
>
> Er hat hinabgenommen
> Der Reiches Herrlichkeit
> Und wird einst wiederkommen
> Mit ihr zu seiner Zeit.
>
> *Barbarossa,* Fr. Rückert.

I RECENTLY returned from a month in Germany after not having visited that country for a number of years. The difference between what I saw on this occasion and on my previous visits was enormous, and might almost be called radical. Before, in spite of a certain amount of quiet dignity and even of good-humoured resignation, the predominant impression one received was of a broken country, broken in resources, and broken no less in *moral*; on all sides there were signs of material and spiritual defeat, of helplessness and hopelessness, relieved only by a too determined indulgence in any distracting entertainment or vice that limited means allowed. Most especially, one felt the absence of any central sustaining force in the country as a whole, and of the direction of individual energies towards any well-defined and fixed objective. The conductor of a vehicle which took me from Hamburg to Saalburg, a likable man of obvious worth and integrity, said to me, in no whining voice: "We have not very much in the way of food, and we cannot afford to buy new suits, and have to go about with holes in our boots." In Munich and other cities, after dark (and even in broad daylight), professional catamites or pathics, often in groups of twos and threes, tried to impose their ill-conditioned presence upon one's impatient attention at practically every street corner. These two things may not unfairly be taken as symptomatic of the state of Germany fifteen or ten or five years ago.

This time, however, one found a country that in the truest sense of the word was a nation; a living whole of concordant wills; a people regenerate and restored, phy-

sically and morally sound, and set firmly and resolutely on the way towards grandiose masteries and achievements.

To dwell on all the noteworthy things I saw in the course of this month would require the compass of a fair-sized volume. All that I can attempt to do here is to speak of a few of the more representative of them. I shall begin with a Labour Camp I visited at Trebbin, some twenty-five miles to the south of Berlin, and where I spent the better part of a day.

It is a real camp, no happy-go-lucky affair ; a sentry stands at the entrance, one of the workers in quasi-military uniform, with a spade on his shoulder instead of a rifle, but he handles it as if it were a rifle whenever he has to go through any of the motions of ceremonial. On one's left as one enters one's eye is caught by an inscription on the wall of a shed in the courtyard round which are grouped the buildings of the camp : *Durch eure Schule wird die ganze Nation gehen* : through your school the whole nation will pass and be moulded into shape : the members of this community are not allowed to forget that the future of their country is their responsibility. And further still to the left, a few yards in front of the same shed, and in the middle of one side of the square, stands a monument-like structure four or five feet high on which is carved the device *Arbeit adelt* : Labour ennobles : here is no prison, but a place where personality finds increase. The moral purport and opportunity of this experience, the inner and final meaning which makes it worth while, is kept well to the fore.

The shed in question is divided into offices, one of which is the Camp Commandant's ; of the other sheds (they are all of wood), some are dormitories and sitting-rooms combined, one is the refectory, which also serves as a lecture-hall, one the infirmary, one the kitchen, and the remainder are used as storehouses.

There are 150 youths and young men in the camp, all under the jurisdiction of one commandant ; they are sub-divided into three sets of fifty, each of these sets being in the charge of a *Zugführer* or platoon-commander ; one of the reasons for this sub-division is the possible need of different bodies of men for different classes of labour : one may be

engaged in making a canal, another in cultivating the soil, and the third on some piece of work in connection with afforestation ; each of these three sets is further subdivided into three squads, each squad being controlled by a *Truppführer* or section-leader. The Camp Commandant and the three *Zugführer* are permanent officials ; the *Truppführer* are recruited from among the workers who display a capacity for leadership, and only some of them are permanent. The ages of the workers are from eighteen to twenty-five : a disparity due to the fact that the system has been in existence for little more than a year ; in the course of time greater uniformity will be attained in this respect. Some of the workers are married, and this is true even of the more youthful ones. In one camp of the Berlin area, twenty-one workers aged no more than twenty have entered into the disabilities of matrimony. Matrimonial zeal here however was not due to a high-minded desire to increase the population or to discharge other useful functions ; when the scheme became compulsory, these bright youths, fearing it would not be to their liking, mistakenly supposed that married men would be exempt, and so they rushed into premature marriage whatever impressible girls they could find. Now, however, there is no excuse for such an error, nor is there even a possibility of falling into it ; for it has since been enacted that no German may marry before passing through a Labour Camp and doing his term of military service.

The workers rise at five in the morning, perform rapid ablutions (their main bath comes later in the day), go through a few agreeable exercises (not drill, enemies of the *régime* will be surprised to hear), and ten minutes later they take their first breakfast, consisting of bread and marmalade washed down with coffee. Then they set off for their labour in the surrounding countryside ; when this labour is at some distance from their living quarters, as in the case of the camp I saw, they are provided with bicycles. With the exception of an interval at ten o'clock for a second breakfast, made up of sausage, bread and coffee, which they carry with them from the camp, they work at their allotted tasks all the morning. Then they return to the camp for luncheon, and they remain in the camp for the rest of the

day ; hard labour, if such a term may properly be applied to tonic and purposeful activity, occupies no more than a part of their waking hours, and it is not a major part at that.

Luncheon is at half-past one, and consists of a meat dish and vegetables, with bread, and (I was informed) of some variety of sweet. I took this meal with the Commandant, at whose table, which was in the middle of the refectory, sat one of the *Zugführer* and one of the *Truppführer*. The tables of the workers were ranged down the two long sides of the room and some smaller ones were disposed in the space in between. We had exactly the same food as the workers, and it was substantial, palatable and copious: I have had worse in not inexpensive restaurants in more than one capital of Europe. We were given a *ragoût* of beef (nearly always a hazardous dish in hotels and restaurants but this time it was tender) boiled potatoes and boiled cut-up cabbage ; if any sweet were going on this occasion, none of it reached us at " high table." I drank cider, but this was a luxury, an extra, and my host had to pay for it. But it is an extra that can be bought at a canteen by the workers, who receive twenty-five pfennigs a day for the purchase of little comforts of this kind. In winter, beer is available instead of cider, which can be had only in the summer months. Milk can be had the whole year round, and it seemed to be fairly popular. It is in bottles like those supplied by English milkmen to their customers, and these youths drink it straight out of the bottle. At the canteen they can also get chocolates, writing-paper, toothpaste and other oddments or dainties. On three days of the week each worker is given a ration of margarine, and on three other days an allowance of dripping: on the remaining day he is accorded the supreme privilege of butter.

The mind is not left neglected while the stomach is being satisfied. At one stage of the meal an officer or a worker reads a summary of the press news of the day : this is at least more interesting than the passages of so-called history intoned or droned during repasts in certain religious orders.

At the end of the meal, the workers clear away and wash up their own dishes. Then they have a spell of rest lasting an hour, and it must be a real rest : they are obliged

to lie down on their beds during the whole of this interval. After that until supper-time at seven o'clock they are occupied with various forms of physical exercise, with cleaning their equipment, and with attendance at lectures or discussions. Supper is composed of sausage, bread, margarine and cocoa, and when it is over they have two free hours in which they can do just as they like. Everyone must be in bed, and all lights out, by half-past ten. Sunday is an off day, and those who so choose can go home then.

There are nine dormitories, and the complement of each one is sixteen workers. The beds are arranged in pairs one above the other, as in ships ; only there is more room than one usually gets in the latter case. In addition to a bed, each inmate has a tall and otherwise fairly large locker. On the top of the locker is a brightly-polished metal basin, which the worker carries to the washhouse whenever he has to perform any of the more limited acts of ablution. The beds and the lockers occupy one half of the chamber, the other half of which is used as a living- or sitting- or common-room. In this half is a long table with seats, where the occupants can read, write or otherwise fill in their spare time. In each of these dormitories there is a stove for use in the colder months of the year ; coal is consumed in it, oil in its present conditions being too expensive. In these rooms everything is spotlessly clean, a remark that applies to every corner of the camp. The workers make their own beds on rising, and they too have to see to it that the apartment is clean and orderly. This duty they do in turns, two at a time in summer and three at a time in winter, the extra one in the latter season being required because of the stove. At the end of the week there is a dusting, scrubbing and furbishing on a grand scale, a regular spring-cleaning, in which every man Jack of them has to take a part. These rooms do not give an impression of bareness, severity or cheerlessness, they do not make one feel that this is a barracks far from home life. They all contain flowers or plants (is any country in the world so felicitously fond of flowers as Germany ? Wherever one looks one is sure to see a line of gay and artistically designed window-boxes, not only on houses of all classes of the population, but even on

the severe façades of banks, business houses and government offices. Nearly every railway station in the land has a flower-pot that is a work of art, and of which the local authorities are obviously proud; no other country in the world can be compared to Germany in this regard. One even sees flowers set—and thriving—on such unlikely places as railway buffers; but this perhaps is an *excès de zèle*). The room is further enlivened by pictures and maps on the walls; in some cases these maps give a vivid idea of the territorial extent of Germany before the Treaty of Versailles and of the compass to which she has been reduced by that treaty. Such an idea, daily impressed on receptive youthful minds over a space of six months, will not readily be effaced. Finally, another amenity is provided by a wireless set: every dormitory has one of these.

The washing-rooms are not unlike those at certain English public schools. The workers must wash three times a day, and take a complete shower-bath three times a week.

Each of the nine sleeping- and living-rooms constitutes a corporate unity which roughly corresponds to a house at an English public school. It has its own special name, always that of a German city or province, such as Danzig or Schleswig-Holstein, and it competes with the other "houses" in sport (and the camp as a whole competes with other camps or with institutions of a different category). The sports include handball, jumping, running, cross-country races (mostly through woods), obstacle races, boxing, and throwing the javelin, the hammer and the shot (this last corresponds to our putting the weight). Football has no place in the programme, for the reason that most of the workers could not afford to buy the special boots required for this game, and the State could not afford to make them a gift of them; those worn in the daily life of the camp are so heavy and stout that they would make football even more risky than it ordinarily is as practised in some countries—and the authorities do not wish to have to envisage too large a number of men confined to hospital.

As already indicated, a part of the afternoon of every day is devoted to sporting and gymnastic activities. By far the most strenuous of these is the obstacle race: it is

so strenuous that it takes place no more than once a week. The day of my visit happened to be the one reserved for it, and it was certainly not a thing for weaklings or babes or girls. There were in all eight obstacles to be got over or got under or got through. They were all difficult except one, which was simply a descent or flop into a deep and wide ditch, meant to be a respite—or perhaps to arouse false expectations, for it is immediately followed by the most uncomfortable of all. This consisted in making one's way over a palisade some seven or eight feet high, each pole of which terminated at the top in a sharp spike, which might have wrought grievous damage to the anatomy. This ordeal was so difficult that the workers were allowed to lend each other a helping hand at the most hazardous stages. Among the other feats was the worming one's way through unpleasantly confined, long or zig-zag passages, which must be a torture to those who suffer from claustrophobia.

In the long winter evenings, more time in spent indoors, and a portion of this time is devoted to handicraft work: the making of lamps, toys and other useful or ornamental articles. One troop is set to work on one type of production, such as toys, and another on another type, such as lamps; and the less skilled are instructed by those who have more gift or experience in such matters. At Christmas a large party is given, to which all the children from the surrounding districts are invited, and the toys are then distributed to them; an excellent idea, productive no doubt of much happiness. I saw a certain number of the lamps and other things thus made by the workers, and they struck me as being always very creditable and in some cases admirable. Very few of them looked amateurish, and sometimes they showed no mean artistic ability. Certain paintings, also, the work of these leisure hours, might at least be pronounced meritorious.

So much for the physical side of this life, and for that part of it which has to do with hobbies. But what about the more strictly intellectual side? Is there any time for it, is any provision made for it at all? As one who has had not a little to do with education, in universities and elsewhere, in England and France, I was particularly inter-

ested in this matter, and I admit I was prepared for a certain amount of disappointment. But things were better than I had hoped. As I have indicated, lectures and discussions have a place in the curriculum of a Labour Camp. Lectures are given on three days of the week, and on the three alternate days there are discussions of the subject of the previous lecture. The lectures, being intended for an audience of very diverse intellectual ability and educational attainment, are naturally not abstruse or highly specialized. They deal with subjects of general interest, and more particularly of interest to young men in whose keeping will lie the future of Germany. The subjects cover a fairly wide area, but, as is only natural, historical and political topics are given more attention than others. The position of Germany in Europe and in the world at large, Germany's foreign policy, the Jews in Germany: such were some of the subjects treated during the week I visited the camp. The lessons of those maps I have mentioned—and quite other lessons too, of course—are reinforced and filled out by these lectures, and driven home upon the consciousness of hundreds of thousands of young men every year in Labour Camps scattered all over Germany. In the discussions, questions are encouraged, but what may be called technical religious issues are barred: not unreasonably, for they involve metaphysical problems (when they are not docilely accepted as mere matters of dogma), and very few people are qualified to offer any opinion about them; a Labour Camp, with its educationally very mixed company, is certainly not a place where they should be agitated.

It may be objected that such a system does not leave much room for free intellectual development, as the subjects are selected and their scope determined by the authorities, and in the last resort by the State. To this it might be replied that in no modern institution in any country is education really "free," whatever that may mean; there is always direction, delimitation, the imposition of views and tastes and wills by authority, individual as well as corporate. In such an institution as the London School of Economics, for instance (at least in the case of some teachers), there is just as much drilling along hard and fast

preconceived lines as there is in Germany or any other "totalitarian" State. Still, let us accord a certain amount of validity to the argument, and agree that some sort of library should be available where the individual can read as taste or caprice or chance may lead him. I enquired if there was anything such, as nothing of the kind had been shown to me, and it turned out that there was. There is a library consisting of 263 books, which is not a bad number for a camp (not specifically an intellectual institution) that has been in existence for so short a time; and other books are being constantly added to this number. The majority of the volumes, not unnaturally, were historical or political in their character; some dealt with gymnastics, physical exercises and such like subjects; but literature proper was not unrepresented on these shelves. I was almost surprised to find that works of Eichendorff, for example, and of Freytag had a place among books that systematic hostility would force wholesale into a list labelled Nazi or Fascist or some other term intended to scare the weak-minded; (Freytag too might not implausibly be put on this index, as he had no love for Slavs and Jews, and did not trouble to conceal the fact; but it is not easy to see how even ingenious malignancy could subject such a writer as Eichendorff to these virtuosities of classification).

There are fourteen hundred of these camps in Germany, and all of them are on the same model. They were first instituted in 1932, when they were on a small scale, and membership was voluntary. In 1933 they were organized on a much larger scale, but membership remained voluntary till 1935, when it was made compulsory.

It may be asked whether they do not act as a disturbing force on the economy of the labour market. They do nothing of the kind, for as in the schemes of public utility suggested but not carried out in England and elsewhere the work undertaken is such that it does not encroach upon the activity of any already established form of industry providing employment. The workers are mainly occupied in making land ready for cultivation, in digging ditches, in constructing canals to drain meadows, and occasionally in work demanded by afforestation schemes. I was told that

there is enough of this labour to keep the available number of men occupied for at least another twenty years.

As the system is universal and compulsory, there is much mixing of classes in these camps. About fifty per cent. of the workers are drawn from what may be called the educated classes and have been through some kind or other of secondary school, while the other fifty per cent. are composed of clerks, peasants, mechanics, or other members of the artisan class. It might be expected that these very dissimilar types, of different origin, training, manners, and interests, might not find it easy to get on together in close association over so many months. But I was assured that this is not the case ; no appreciable incompatibility or friction makes itself felt, there are no squabbles or rows. My own observation confirmed this : unconstrained good fellowship marked the relations of these young men with one another in whatever circumstances I saw them. From this point of view—and it is a very important one—the Labour Camp scheme has been eminently successful.

The most striking thing of all was the obvious sound health of all these young men. Sound health morally no less than physically ; not only was their skin brown and free of all blotches, but their eye had that bright clarity which denotes that the will is in a good condition. Those who were called upon by the Commandant to perform any particular duty were smart, alert, intelligent and resourceful. There were no C3 men here ; and with such a system Germany is rapidly eliminating all C3 elements from the nation. Nor was there any evidence of hard and tyrannous "Prussianism" in this community. There was no sign of spiritlessness, constrain, or oppressively mechanical discipline. All these human beings were contented and happy —or if they were not, they were possessed of remarkable powers of dissimulation. From every one of them with whom I came in contact I received the most perfect courtesy, and what is more, I was treated with a friendliness the sincerity of which I have no reason whatsoever to doubt.

* * *

Many English papers, talking of Nuremberg or of Germany in general, and seeking to cheapen and diminish

such things as I have mentioned, have spoken with glib and scornful superiority of facile emotionalism, of mass hysteria artificially created and maintained. This is a gross exaggeration or an untruth. Even at Nuremberg, there was little sign of any such extravagance; there was enthusiasm, it is true, and depth of feeling, but it was distinguished by gravity rather than by wildness. And it was individual and spontaneous rather than merely collective or imposed by external authority. More than once, I avoided going to the mass meetings (and even here, I repeat, there was no real hysteria), in order that I might note the reaction of knots of people in the streets who were listening to speeches broadcast over the city by means of loud-speakers. They were far from docilely taking their cue from the bursts of enthusiasm that came through from time to time; on the contrary, they sometimes did not join in these at all; their general attitude was one of thoughtful attention, and their response was largely individual. Only once did they take up as one man and prolong the acclamation of the massed thousands, and that was when in the Führer's " proclamation " it was affirmed that great results had been achieved over the past three years in all domains, and that in no case had it been necessary to draw upon the help of the Jews."*

* * *

Of course I know perfectly well the kind of things that will be said by the ignorant (many critics in this matter have no first-hand knowledge of Germany) or by those whose minds are occluded by pre-possession or malice (as often as not speaking in the name of one of the more distinguished sorts of idealism)."† I shall be told that I saw only what I was meant to see, and that I lent myself with con-

*English newspapers, for some reason, suppressed or slurred over this part of the proclamation.

†The complete or quasi unanimity of opinion regarding the new Germany on the part of those who have taken the trouble to see it for themselves is truly extraordinary, and even hostile critics must have been impressed by it. The most diverse witnesses—witnesses who on most if not all other important matters would be irreconcilably opposed—in this case find themselves in the most perfect agreement. The cordially enthusiastic testimony of such an arch-Liberal and Democrat as Mr. Lloyd George is particularly remarkable.

siderable *naiveté* to the ingenious machinations of the German Government. Well, the answer to that is simple; Germany in this respect is not at all like Russia; I went just where I pleased, talked to whomsoever I wanted to talk to, and rummaged about where I liked (to the extent, I am afraid, of being troublesome at times). In the Labour Camp—to give one instance out of several—it was entirely by my own initiative and pertinacity that I elicited the information about the library; those who conducted me over the camp had not meant to make any reference to this; and I may add that if I found the food good there it was not because I was expected to luncheon. I had originally arranged to return to Berlin for that meal; and if it be said that this Labour Camp was anyhow a model one specially intended for the inspection of foreigners, I can reply that others seen in different parts of Germany by people I know are run on precisely the same lines. And if a government is seriously working to improve the health of the nation, these are just the lines it might be expected to follow. To believe that Germany is all the time throwing dust in the eyes of its visitors is to believe not only that the latter are all numskulls or cretins, but that the said country has organized a conspiracy of hocus-pocus on a scale, and with a finesse of concordant detail, that is so mirific as to be positively miraculous. And this clever supposition would entail a belief that the whole German people were in the conspiracy, and that whatever they said when speaking to one was a lesson that they had carefully learned from headquarters. If there are critics so pathologically afflicted as to think this, I would say that some of the Germans I talked to did not speak very kindly of the *régime**; they belong to that category to which Herr Hitler referred the other day: those who do not realize that for the advantages the *régime* ensures to them they must be prepared to make certain sacrifices, at least in the present stage of things.

*E.g., a waiter grumblingly confided to me in perfect American that he found taxation burdensome, and that he wished he were back in the United States again. I replied that the condition of Germany was so superior to that of America that it was worth paying even a higher price for it. A fair number of people admitted that economic conditions were not perfect, but exceedingly few of them were malcontent.

Then I shall doubtless be told that I was pro-German to begin with. Well, if I must be written down as pro anything, it is pro-French, as a good number of Frenchmen of all parties could testify. Or rather, above all else I am pro-civilization, and because of this I more than ever believe, having seen the new Germany, that the only hope for Europe lies in a close union between England, France and Germany. We are the chief creators and trustees of civilization, ours is the greatest achievement and the greatest responsibility, and it should be our right therefore to be the masters of things; the rest does not matter very much, but this does matter supremely. Those nations who are not creatively important have little or no title to a voice in the councils of the world, and that is the chief reason why the League of Nations as at present conceived can be no other than a vanity and a failure (it is grotesque that a South American Republic, for example, should have the same power of decision as France). But the hegemony of civilized values over the world—or at least the preservation of those values against the encroachments of the rest of the world—will only be possible if this triple union is realized. Germany, who is fast growing in moral and other power, is more and more becoming desirable (and necessary) as a partner of the other two leading nations of the West.

* * *

But what about all the awkward questions? it will no doubt be asked. The war spirit? The *Anschluss*? Colonies? The treatment of the Jews? The suppression or enregimentation of opinion? The suspension, nay more, the abolition of the grand and sacred principles of democracy? I do not find these questions awkward, and I certainly have no desire to evade them. Only one of them, I think, is really difficult, at least for the time being, and that is the one concerning colonies. All Germans with whom I discussed this matter were of the opinion that Germany would beyond any doubt benefit substantially by a restoration or accession of colonial possessions; but, always, the consideration uppermost in their minds was that of prestige, or rather of the more fundamental thing honour. It is probable, or rather certain, that in this matter a large body of English

opinion is not prepared to see eye to eye with Germans, although the British Government, in spite of pressure, have refused to come to foregone conclusions. But Germany, I am persuaded, is anxious to secure and retain the goodwill and friendship of England, and this being so it is most improbable that she will attempt to force this issue in the face of English disapproval.

As for the *Anschluss*, it is no doubt true that many Germans envisage a great confederation of all the peoples of Germanic race, speech and culture, and it is difficult to see how this can be condemned as immoral. As Professor W. Alison Phillips has well said in a recent article,* " Great Britain at least has no direct interest in opposing the *Anschluss* and no right to object to it, provided that the process is carried out with the willing consent of the Austrians." The French, out of what I believe to be greatly exaggerated apprehensions, do not take at all kindly to the idea. Some of them, when I have said " how would you stop so natural a thing," have answered " *la politique* " : but we know whither *la politique* leads in such cases. The whole problem of fifteen million people of German race lying outside Germany must be squarely met sooner or later. The talk about race is not the nonsense that many pseudo (and a few real) intellectuals would have us believe. Sir Arthur Keith, examining the *dicta* of these pundits, said a very wise thing lately, that should close the matter once for all : " It is what a people feels itself to be that matters, not what anatomists say about it. In brief, race is not a matter of anatomy at all, but of feeling, or . . . of spirit."†

I have already said that my strong impression is that Herr Hitler and the immense majority of the German people desire peace. I was worried by the doctrine and spirit of Ludendorff's latest work, *Der totale Krieg*, in which he advocates war not merely as something instrumental, but as an aim ; and I took care to mention my misgivings to many Germans. Is there really an incalculable force of semi-mystical madness in the country, with which reason could

The Nineteenth Century and After, September, 1936.
†*The Times*, 18th July, 1936.

never come to terms? Nowhere did I find even the beginnings of sympathy for Ludendorff's conception of war; on the contrary, I was earnestly assured that his real followers are an altogether negligible part of the population. What about the defiant references to Bolshevism? To anyone who sees the red line of danger extending over Europe from Moscow to Madrid passing through Prague and Paris, such defiance can seem nothing but natural and salutary. As for the question of the rejection of democratic doctrines, it is very largely a matter of fundamental values regarding which profound differences of opinion are permissible. I happen to be one of those who have no belief in the principles of democracy and no love for the thing in practice; and so I am not upset by what is going on in Germany; quite the contrary; but this is not the place to attempt to justify my feeling in this regard. As for suppression of opinion, the English Government a few days ago suppressed a newspaper in Palestine that was bold enough to criticize its policy. But this provoked no eruption of righteous indignation in England. Germany for some years has been in a position not altogether unlike that of England in Palestine, only on a much vaster scale, and with incomparably more vital issues at stake. Her procedure with regard to opinion is perfectly understandable.

As for the Jews, I would quote a sentence from Lord Sydenham of Combe's *Foreword* to Lieut.-Col. A. H. Lane's *The Alien Menace*,* a book that every good Englishman, and for the matter of that every good European, should read. "All whose memory goes back for even sixty years must be conscious of subtle changes in the national character, even in some aspects of public policy." The Germans have had a like feeling, and they have had even more serious reasons for entertaining it than have Englishmen, and they have acted accordingly. (Even Voltaire, one of the apostles of humanitarianism, held that in Western countries the Jews should be accorded no more than the status of resident aliens.) No doubt there has been an excess of zeal in certain cases, but that is inevitable when a country is passing through the stages of revolution. The English should be the

*London, Boswell Printing and Publishing Co. Ltd., 3rd ed., 1932.,

last to throw stones at the Germans in this connection: their fathers (who were men of sound judgment on many questions) expelled the Jews from the land in the thirteenth century, and this expulsion was not conducted with exemplary kindness. And they kept the ports of England closed to this race till the time of Cromwell.

* * *

On the day Herr Hitler's "Proclamation" was read at Nuremberg last month, Sir Josiah Stamp delivered his presidential address to the British Association for the Advancement of Science. Sir Josiah dwelt on the fact that "several of the past presidents had pointed out the need for a readjustment" not only of scientific but even "of ethical values." And the trend of his own address was along these lines. "Opportunist treatment" of problems, "a hit-and-miss process of personal adaptation," must give way to national foresight, to more extensive governmental control. Governments must become "more fearless, far-sighted and flexible." "Enormous potentialities" come to nought owing to "improvident tardiness"; if they are to be realized, society must acquire "a mentality adjusted for change." "A benevolent dictator," with the resources made available by modern science, could "at a relatively small expense" work wonders of social betterment. "The analysis of society" offered by economics a quarter of a century ago "was no longer adequate, for its basic postulates were being rapidly changed." More, "the whole body of ethics needs to be reworked in the light of modern corporate relations, from Church and company to cadet corps and the League of Nations."

Certainly the new Germany is not fighting shy of this work of revaluation, from the Church downwards, and is not hesitating before the more or less drastic processes of readjustment that are dictated by the new values. And one may ask what other country is better preparing itself, or rather is nearly so well preparing itself, for adaption to and control over the forces that are shaping the world of the future.

Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

THE coincidence of one of the most gallant defences in military history and the most pitiful spectacle which the League of Nations has yet afforded is an object-lesson for us all. The contrast between the courage shown in the ruins of the Alcazar at Toledo and the chicanery at Geneva may well be prophetic of the immediate future of Europe. On the one hand were men so loyal to their country and their faith that they were prepared readily to lay down their lives for them in a contest against overwhelming odds, and on the other were the pettifogging supporters of the League, who no longer believe in anything, even in themselves. There can have been few Englishmen who were not heartened by the first spectacle, and nauseated by the second ; while their disgust cannot have been unmixed with shame that the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs should have played so prominent a part in so sorry a performance.

The heroism displayed by General Franco's supporters shows that when the present generation has a cause worth fighting for, it is no whit inferior to its predecessors. The revolt of old Spain, to whom the world owes so much, against the Communists and Atheists who were battening on what they hoped would prove her carcass is one of the most encouraging events of our time, and must cheer all who are fighting in the battle for civilization against the forces of anarchy that have their headquarters at Moscow. As in all wars, the fighting takes a different form on each front, but when the Alcazar was relieved a blow had been struck at barbarism that was of immense encouragement to the anti-Red forces throughout the world. One knows now what our ancestors must have felt when Sobieski drove back the Turks before Vienna.

Fact and Fiction

WHILE in Spain men and women have been dying—and have been tortured to death—for right, not for rights, the old stage-army of professors, self-styled economists, and cranks has taken the field of the British Press on behalf of

the Spanish Reds. Having fought shoulder to shoulder in the cause of slavery in Abyssinia, they are now conducting a campaign against those who took up arms at the eleventh hour to prevent their throats being cut at the twelfth.

The type of atrocity which leaves these ladies and gentlemen unmoved may be gathered from the following examples:

17th August: At Cartagena 360 Civil Guards and 80 Naval Officers were thrown into the harbour.

19th August: At one village near Ronda 480 supporters of the Right, and at another 245, were put to death. Among them was the Bishop of Jaen, a man in his 82nd year.

20th August: At Nerva 17 Nationalist prisoners, and two boys of 14, were murdered in an abattoir. Dynamite cartridges were then fired into the prison where the other captives were incarcerated.

These instances are typical of what has been happening all over Spain. In many cases the victims of the Reds were also mutilated in the approved Abyssinian method, while the Bishop of Siguenza was tarred and feathered, and then burnt alive. A young wife in Madrid missed her husband for a day or two, until his head was delivered at her door in a basket. Yet the Lord Archbishop of York cares for none of these things. He is not to be envied.

The Question of Recognition

WHEN the Nationalists take Madrid the question will arise of their recognition as the *de facto* Government of Spain. There can be little doubt but that this will be at once accorded by Italy, Germany, Portugal, and many of the South American Powers, and that it will be strenuously resisted by Russia. Presumably the representatives of the Red régime will betake themselves to Geneva, and join with those of Haile Selassie in putting pressure on the League to shut its eyes once again to the march of events. The new legitimism of the Left is proving far more intransigent than were Metternich and the Holy Alliance, and without the slightest principle upon which to base itself.

Mr. Eden will doubtless do all he can to oblige Litvinoff in the matter, but he will have precedent against him.

When George IV attempted to obstruct the recognition of the South American States because he entertained a not unnatural dislike for the results of revolution, Canning pointed out to him that he owed his throne to a successful revolution, that of 1688: it was all very well for Louis XVIII to take such a line, but the First Gentlemen wore the British crown in virtue of the Act of Settlement. If the claims of President Azaña are to be upheld at Geneva, it will be time for the White Rose League to take action there.

The Case of Mr. Eden

It would be interesting to know what instructions were given to Mr. Secretary Eden before his last visit to Geneva. It was clear that the most contentious item on the agenda was the admission of the Abyssinian delegates, and the Government Press announced that this would very properly not be permitted. The Foreign Secretary saw M. Blum in Paris, and we were told that the two countries were agreed on the point that the representatives of Haile Selassie should not be admitted. Yet as soon as Mr. Eden arrived at Geneva he executed a *volte face*, and voted in favour of allowing the Abyssinians to take their seats.

This behaviour is capable of several interpretations. Mr. Eden may have disobeyed his instructions, and followed the anti-Italian dictates of his own heart. His instructions may have been revised, which, given the short time available, hardly seems likely. He may not have had any instructions at all, which would be a violation of the spirit, if not of the letter, of Mr. Baldwin's pledge at the time of Sir Samuel Hoare's resignation. The point is neither a personal nor an academic one, and if it can be cleared up it should throw considerable light on the way in which the country is at present governed. The issue is not affected by the League's subsequent panic at what it had done, and the election of an Italian as Vice-President of the Assembly.

Is there a Foreign Policy?

The good name of Britain has suffered enough during the past twelve months without being subjected to this further strain. At home the National Government has pursued, and is pursuing, a policy which on the whole recommends

itself to the ordinary patriotic citizen, but in foreign affairs it appears to have no mind of its own, and it is only consistent in its determination to keep to the Left when any obstacle is encountered. The behaviour of the Foreign Secretary in the matter of the Abyssinian delegates is but one more example of this fatal tendency. Whatever decisions may be taken elsewhere the last word always seems to rest with Litvinoff.

The result of this, and of disarmament, has been that the initiative in the international field has entirely passed out of British hands. It would seem that while Ministers know what they want to do in these islands, they are completely at sea when it comes to dealing with world problems. Foreign affairs have been well defined as British interests abroad, and if the Government would keep that definition before them they would not go far wrong. At the same time they must be saved from their friends, who confuse discipline with subservience. Lord Stonehaven made a welcome departure when he spoke out at the Margate conference against peripatetic diplomacy, and he only said what the vast majority of Conservatives have long been thinking. Loyalty to Mr. Baldwin is all very well, but the country comes before party.

A Case for a Bargain

THIS indecision places Great Britain every day in a worse position. It is apparently the desire of the Government to conclude a new Locarno Treaty, and to secure the active participation of Italy in this task. Signor Mussolini wishes to obtain the recognition of his Sovereign as Emperor of Abyssinia. Even the pundits of the League admit that such recognition is within the competence of individual States. Here, one would think, were all the requisites of a bargain, and yet nothing is done, beyond a half-hearted pretence that the Italians are not at Addis Abbaba because there is rumoured to be an Abyssinian administration of some sort at Gore, hundreds of miles away. We have a vice-consul at this latter place, and he says that whoever the local inhabitants want as their ruler it is not Haile Selassie, but this information has fallen on deaf ears at Geneva.

One is driven to ask how palpable a fact has to be in these days before it is recognized officially. Manchukuo yesterday, Abyssinia to-day, and Nationalist Spain to-morrow: unless a country moves to the Left (the Spanish Republic was accorded recognition almost overnight in 1931) it would seem to have little chance. Meanwhile, the declaration by Sir Samuel Hoare that we do not propose to scuttle out of the Mediterranean is treated by the Press as an epoch-making pronouncement. As one of the greatest British ambassadors, Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, wrote:

"Oh! for one glance from Chatham's eye,
To make our vile misgivings fly;
Oh! for one cheer like that which broke
From English hearts when Canning spoke."

The truth is that, both in Parliament and outside, far too many people are concerning themselves with foreign affairs, who know next to nothing about them. International politics are matters for the expert, not for the layman, and the neglect of this simple truth since the war has created a large and badly-informed (where not definitely misinformed) body of public opinion of which a nervous Government has continually felt obliged to take account. If Ministers would direct attention to those domestic problems upon which the ordinary M.P. is competent to speak, and away from those foreign ones where he is not, the first step would have been taken in the return to a consistent policy based upon facts, not sentiment.

The French Chaos

EVERY day there is fresh evidence that the position of the M. Blum's Government is becoming precarious, and in its desire to placate the Communists it is jeopardizing the safety of France. Not the least significant development is the removal from the Air Force of all officers suspected of Right sympathies. This process has been steadily pursued ever since the Popular Front came into power, and already 370 officers have been treated in this manner. It is understood that in deference to the wishes of Moscow orders have now been given to extend this democratization to the Army.

The real danger in Europe is not the strength of Germany but the weakness of France. The latter, like a middle-aged spinster, fearful for a virtue which no one wishes to attempt, is nervous of her own shadow, and is alarming others by her conduct. If the French want British support for a new Locarno, it should only be given on two conditions, a complete break with Russia and a reversal of the present domestic policy. All the eloquence of Mr. Winston Churchill cannot disguise the fact that France to-day is little more than a vehicle for Bolshevist propaganda. She is weak enough already in comparison with her neighbours, and if her armed forces are now to be purged to suit Stalin's convenience the end cannot be far distant. Yet, even now, if the Right would but pull together, the situation might be retrieved.

The Divided Right

Ever since Louis Philippe usurped the crown in 1830 the French Right has been divided, and most of the present troubles of the country are due to this lack of cohesion. To-day there are the Royalists, themselves by no means united in respect of tactics, though all save a negligible faction acknowledge the Duc de Guise; the followers of M. Doriot, who have definitely Fascist sympathies; and the Moderates, such as M. Tardieu, in the Chamber and elsewhere. These last, it may be added, seem to command little support in the country as a whole.

M. Doriot is a remarkable man, and as a popular orator has no superior in Europe: as Mayor of St. Denis he also proved himself a capable administrator, for a French mayor has far greater reponsibilities than his English equivalent. On the other hand he was until yesterday a particularly violent Communist, and he is still distrusted by many who would otherwise support him. There can, however, be no doubt that he is gaining ground, and every strike or riot increases the number of his followers.

Common Ground

On one point the whole of the Right is agreed, and that is hostility to the Soviet Pact. As this agreement is the principal obstacle to better relations with Germany, and has

also done much to alienate Conservative opinion in England, the various Right groups are on strong ground in the matter. The Pact is not popular in France, save with the extreme Left, whose strength is diminishing owing to their violence. If the British Foreign Office were not hypnotized by "the voice that breathed o'er Eden", it could break the Franco-Soviet Pact, bring about an understanding between Paris and Berlin, and establish the peace of Western Europe on a sound footing for a generation.

The question of régime is, of course, one for Frenchmen to decide for themselves, but it is imposible for the foreign observer to resist the conclusion that France cannot be herself again while the Third Republic stands. It is rotten to the core, and in its decay is poisoning the national life in every branch. The remedy surely lies in the Corporate Monarchy advocated so brilliantly week by week in the *Courier Royal* by the Comte de Paris, the Dauphin of the Royalists, one of the ablest of the younger Frenchmen. Every friend of France will hope that the Right will see their way to unite on this basis.

The Greek Scene

EVIDENCE continues to accumulate that in giving full powers to General Metaxas the King of the Hellenes saved his country from the fate of Spain. While the politicians hesitated, the monarch acted, and by his promptitude prevented the shedding of blood on an extended scale. It may be added that there is not the slightest truth in the statement that hundreds of people have been arrested, and that freedom of speech is at an end. Between fifty and sixty of the more notorious Communist agitators have been sent to the islands, but the cafés of Athens and Salonika are as full as ever of clients talking politics.

Letters from Greece leave no doubt as to the satisfaction of the man-in-the-street with what is taking place. Reforms that had been promised for years are now being carried out, and rearmament is proceeding apace. Friendship with England, more popular than ever since His Majesty's visit, is the keynote of Greek foreign policy, and if there is an Anglo-Italian agreement in respect of the Mediterranean

this will further strengthen the position of Greece. When this situation is compared with the anarchy that existed under the Republic, a moral is obvious that one trusts will not be lost in other parts of Europe.

German Social Services

A GOOD deal has been written about the excellent work done by the *Dopolavoro* organization in Italy in giving the working classes greater facilities for recreation in their leisure, but not nearly enough attention has been paid to the kindred institution, *Kraft durch Freude*, in Germany. This body comprises all the organizations which have for their object the recreation of the workers, and it organizes communal travel by sea and land at particularly low rates. In 1934 two million people travelled under its auspices, and in 1935 the number exceeded three million, of whom 43 per cent. were women and girls.

The German Government pays as much attention as the Italian to the problem of holidays for married working women. The wife and mother is sent away for a holiday, either to be spent in travel or at a holiday centre where she can recuperate. While she is away her home is run by voluntary workers, very often girl students, and where the mother is compelled to keep her family, who would be without support in her absence, the voluntary workers take over her work, and pay her the salary which they receive. In this connection it is to be noted that holidays with pay are not yet compulsory in Germany as is the case in Italy.

It is impossible to resist the conclusion that it would be better for the world if more attention was paid to the social services of other countries, and less to their alleged political shortcomings : that is to say if politicians and the Press would concentrate on the great problems which we have in common, and not on those that divide us.

From a Garden Seat

By C. H. Middleton

I ALWAYS find it interesting, at this time of the year, to take stock of the garden, and count the gains and losses or perhaps I should say the triumphs and disappointments. This year I set out to make a border of annual flowers, all to be grown from seeds sown in the open ground, to avoid transplanting. As I look along the border now I cannot make up my mind whether to call it a triumph or a disappointment. Individual successes there certainly have been, and at one period, somewhere in July, the general effect was extremely pleasing; but like many another of the good things in life, it did not last long. Shabby, worn looking patches soon began to appear as the various flowers concluded their somewhat brief performance, and during the past two months I have found it extremely difficult to keep the border tidy and presentable. I think there are no more beautiful or brilliant flowers than those we grow from seeds, nor can there be many which are more full of interest to the observer. To watch them through their entire lives, from infancy to old age, all in a single season, gives me an immense amount of pleasure. I am afraid I am a little impatient of delays and long waiting periods; I believe most of us are. Perhaps that is why football is so much more popular with the sporting public than is cricket: a football match can be seen in its entirety, from start to finish in one short sitting, whereas cricket, except to the real enthusiast, often becomes a little slow and tedious, and one rarely sees both the beginning and the end.

But although this briefness of the annual flowers has its advantages, it certainly has its drawbacks too, and means that the maintenance of a colourful border throughout the entire summer is an almost hopeless task. I suppose it could be done by keeping a reserve of relays handy, or possibly by sowing two different kinds together, but so far I have not been very successful in producing the desired result. On the whole, my annual border has probably been as good as anybody else's, but it has not given the satisfying effects I had perhaps greedily hoped for. I must try again.

Meanwhile, I have had plenty of opportunity to note

outstanding successes, as well as the comparative failures. As I write, I am confronted with an almost aggressively bold group of African marigolds ; common flowers, perhaps, but none the less welcome to my domain. I like them ; the plants are big and bushy, and the flowers look rather like orange and yellow sponges. At this fag end of the year they brighten up what might have been a very dull-looking corner, and I am duly grateful to them. I like, too, their scent ; perhaps scent is a misnomer, it is a somewhat pungent aroma which always reminds me of home-brewed ale—perhaps therein lies the attraction. I often handle the flowers and leaves to release the aroma, then wonder whether I really like it after all, and usually finish up by having to wash my hands to get rid of it. There is something rather fascinating about aromatic leaves, and there are plenty of them to be found in the garden. Everyone knows the sweet appley scent of crushed sweet briar leaves, but to my mind, the pleasant perfume of ordinary rose leaves and stems is even nicer ; a cut bunch of roses can leave the hands or gloves scented for quite a long time. I often rub my hands over a tomato plant, or a chrysanthemum to get their fragrance. The lemon scented leaves of balm, and the gingery aroma of rosemary are often missed by the too casual observer ; even ordinary clipped box possesses a subtle scent which is very elusive, but sometimes when it is rubbed in passing, its breath is very fragrant. Indeed, many of the common leaves of the garden occasionally surprise us with their aromas, and they are all pleasant in their way, except eucalyptus, which is my pet abomination, and makes me think I've got a cold when I haven't.

Having drifted away from the marigolds, let us return to them for a moment. I have a fancy to fill a short border next year entirely with marigolds, and I believe the effect will be rather pleasing. It will include the big African types and the chocolate and yellow French varieties, bordered with Tagetes, which is a miniature marigold. I must also find room for a group or two of calendulas, or, as I prefer to call them, Scotch marigolds. In my opinion there are few more beautiful flowers than calendula " Orange King." You can have all your yellow and fluted petalled varieties,

but give me " Orange King." Its brilliant glowing colour is perfect. It has but one fault, it is too cheap and easy to grow ; drop a few seeds somewhere and forget them, and it does the rest itself. If every plant had to be fetched from Tibet and cost a guinea apiece, I venture to say it would be one of the most highly respected flowers in the garden. Mine have been flowering freely all through the summer, and are still putting up a good show.

Along the back of my border I tried a few clumps of sweetpeas, one colour only in each place. I was advised to do it this way, and I suppose they have been quite a success in their way, but they have not appealed to my rather conservative tastes nearly so much as my usual row of mixed colours. The modern method of growing exaggerated sweetpeas may be very commendable if you want them only for cutting, but it lacks the garden charm of the old-fashioned mixtures. Nasturtiums have been one of my outstanding successes. This is another flower which does not command the attention it deserves, simply because it rarely gets a chance to do itself justice. I have grown mine on sticks, like a row of peas, and the result has been wonderful. At the time of writing (early October) they are simply a blaze of colour, and the admiration of everyone who sees them. Annual carnations have done me good service in the border. They are really " gate crashers," because they were sown under glass in February and planted out later, but they have more than justified themselves. It took them a long time to make up their minds to flower, but when they did start they made a good job of it. I have cut literally armfuls of perfect blooms during the past month, and they are still flowering as merrily as ever, and look good for another month or two, weather permitting. I would advise everyone to grow annual carnations, they are no trouble, and some of the modern strains produce flowers almost as good as the florist's varieties, and in lavish abundance, too. I recently counted thirty-two perfect flowers on one plant. Cosmeas are rather a pleasant feature at the moment ; the wet season has made them grow rather tall and delayed the flowering, but they have made up for lost time lately. Cosmeas are listed as " half hardy," but I

am not so sure about that. I always sow them out of doors in May to get a good late show, which suits my purpose better than getting them early, but with me they are hardy enough to sow themselves. About two years ago, when I cleared away the remains of the annuals in the autumn, I planted a small collection of herbaceous plants, which were a gift from a famous garden. Perhaps I neglected them a little during the following spring—it is a habit of mine—but when I returned from my summer holiday they were completely lost in a forest of cosmeas, which easily won the day, and flowered profusely well into the autumn. I often make a point of sowing the half-hardy annuals out of doors in May, and sometimes get a wonderful display in September. This year nemesias have made an excellent show, and are still flowering well; balsams and single asters have also been very successful; phlox drummondi sprawled about all over the place, but gave a very poor performance in the way of flowers. Sunflowers have been, and still are, making a very attractive display. I tried a packet of so-called "new red hybrids." I am well pleased with them, but there is nothing "red" about them; they are mainly yellow, many of them having a band of chestnut or brown round the base of the petals, but to call it "red" is quite a misnomer. Larkspurs have been very fine, both in the border and as cut flowers. Especially pleasing was one variety of a lovely shade of pink, which produced tall spikes which were really splendid for indoor decoration. I shall grow more of them next year, all being well.

Coreopsis, linarias, cynoglossum, and the annual anchusa have all distinguished themselves, and secured a place in next year's team. Poppies, eschscholtzias, clarkias, godetias, and nemophilas have been fairly good, but nothing to justify a song of praise, while cornflowers were distinctly disappointing, not because they did not grow and flower well; they did, but the colours were all wrong. I wanted blue, true blue, and nothing but blue. Instead I got all sorts of washed out pinks, ghastly looking purples, whites and anæmic reds, and a few blues to make up the number. The cornflower is one of our traditionally blue flowers, but the breeders must needs strain themselves to get it in every

other colour. I wish they would concentrate their efforts on intensifying the blue, or else stop meddling with them at all.

In one corner of my border I have had a collection of the so-called everlasting flowers—helichrysum, rhodanthe, acroclinium and statice—most of them are now hanging upside down in the shed in company with a large bunch of physalis (winter cherry) and another of honesty pods. Physalis is, of course, a perennial, and a very fine one too, from the point of view of winter decoration; the bright orange-scarlet bladder-like pods are always attractive, and with a little doctoring they can be converted into sprays of extremely pretty "flowers." I do this by cutting along the ribs of the pods with a small pair of scissors, and turning the sections back so that they resemble petals, and with the red cherry as a centre piece they are rather intriguing, especially when rather long sprays are so treated. I had a large vase of them last Christmas, and many of my friends were unable to identify them, but they all acknowledge their charm and beauty. There are many seed pods and flower heads in the garden which keep well in the dried state, and it is surely a pleasant thing to carry tangible reminders of the summer garden into the dreary months of winter.

Julius Gombös of Hungary

A Character Sketch

By W. Walter Crotch

GOMBÖS is dead : the dread disease which swept away Stresemann has added him to the toll of its victims. Had he recovered, he might have continued to play an important part in his country's affairs. Even had he done so, he would probably have been deemed a failure in the sphere of constructive statesmanship ; but his influence on the diplomatic situation of Europe has been as undeniable as it is considerable.

Eighteen years ago, a comparatively unknown Captain of the General Staff named Julius Gombös handed in to the Chancellery direct without going through the prescribed bureaucratic formalities, a plan which its author believed would save the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. The plan may have been a good one or a bad one. No one can ascertain that, for in the days of the old Austro-Hungarian monarchy, people who omitted to comply with the ordinances of the protocol were simply ignored. Thus the Gombös plan was pigeon-holed and that was all there was to it. Perish the monarchy rather than it should be saved in an unorthodox manner. In lieu of thanks for his trouble, Captain Gombös received an official rebuke and a formal warning.

This incident, trifling in itself, was fraught with fatal consequences for the House of Hapsburg, since it converted Gombös, hitherto a firm adherent of the Emperor into a bitter and unrelenting foe. The red-tape bound bureaucrat who consigned the Gombös plan to official oblivion little dreamed that as a result of his action Emperor Charles on attempting to regain the throne of his ancestors, would be met by artillery fire ordered by this same Captain Gombös. Still less did he imagine that in this year of grace 1936, Prime Minister Gombös would constitute an adamant wall against the restoration plans of Archduke Otto, Emperor Charles's son and heir.

But we are anticipating. Captain Gombös still angrily nursing his resentment at the official censure passed upon him because he had attempted to save his sovereign in an

unorthodox fashion, was demobilized when hostilities came to an end and proceeded to Budapest. Red flags were flying on the old Imperial Castle and on the Houses of Parliament. Revolution was in being. Deserters, in ragged, torn uniforms, with red armbands, were masters of the streets. For a time Hungary had lost its head. The Prime Minister, Count Michael Karolyi, a man replete with good intentions, had neither the strength of character nor the political experience requisite to curb the revolutionary elements. He sat enthroned in office but power was wielded by the mob. Young men who had suddenly sprung into the public eye out of complete obscurity, over-ran the ministries, expelled the old-time officials and proceeded to instal themselves at their desks.

Thus things were made easy for Captain Gombös. Since the King had not listened to his advice, he found it perfectly natural to join the King's enemies. His evolution was accomplished in record time. He had handed in his memorandom for the salvation of the monarchy on 2nd November, 1918. On 4th November, he had received the official reproof. On 6th November, he had made his peace with the same revolutionary government that four days previously he had proposed to gun out of office. As a result, he was sent as military *attaché* to Agram to participate in the negotiations with the Jugoslavs. Those negotiations led to nothing, but a month later we find Captain Gombös back in Budapest in a prominent post in the Ministry of War, as the bosom friend of the then Minister of War, Colonel Albert Bartha, a former brother officer on the Austro-Hungarian general staff.

Colonel Bartha may have been an excellent Minister, but for some reason, the Communists disapproved of him and a mob of these angry gentlemen demonstrated against him under the windows of his Department. Gombös offered to appear on the balcony and pacify the insurgents. Bartha told him somewhat roughly not to make a fool of himself. Gombös resented the rebuke, and changed sides again. This time he sought to regain touch with the monarchists.

These so far as they had been able to escape, had taken refuge in Zsegedin, a town in Southern Hungary then

occupied by a French garrison. The remainder of them had fled to Vienna. They set up counter-revolutionary committees in both towns. Gombös still smarting under Bartha's slight, made his way to Vienna and offered his services to the counter-revolutionary camarilla. There was some hesitation in accepting them for Gombös was not unnaturally suspect. But he wrote such violently monarchist articles for the clerical and royalist "Reichpost" that these doubts were speedily laid at rest. Gombös was careful enough to see that these articles were not signed with his own name for the future was uncertain and he had no intention of irrevocably burning his boats by becoming a permanent and unchangeable royalist. The presiding genius of the Vienna Monarchist organization was Count Stephan Bethlen, who later became Prime Minister of Hungary and who to-day shares with Tibor Eckhardt the honour of leading the Opposition. Bethlen was a man who had ideas of his own and went his own way. He had no intention of being influenced by a general staff captain. Thus, despite the royalist fervour of the Gombös articles he received their author coldly.

Gombös who only thrived in an atmosphere of incense, soon became tired of the Vienna monarchists and went on to Zsegedin. There Julius Karolyi, the cousin and bitter opponent of "Red Karolyi" had set up a Provisional Government. It had been formed of such elements as happened to be handy. It was a Government without a country and Cabinet Council meetings were held in a public coffee-house. Anyone who chanced to come along and take a seat at the table was at perfect liberty to participate in the debates. Captain Gombös was not slow to avail himself of this Heaven-sent opportunity. He had just sufficient money left, to pay for a daily cup of coffee which with a London-cut suit dating from 1914, entitled him to Cabinet rank.

After a few weeks, the Karolyi "Government" succeeded in graduating from a coffee-house table to more or less well-appointed offices. Gombös graduated with them, and that was the beginning of a career which was to lead Prime Minister Gombös in 1936 to fly one day to Berlin and

the next to Rome, there to negotiate almost on equal terms with Hitler and Mussolini.

Among the adherents of the Right who housed in the Zsegedin coffee-houses at that time, was Admiral Nicolas von Horthy. By reputation he was a bluff, honest sailor, who under the monarchy had risen to the highest office in his profession. The admiral was a cautious man, who knew the value of his title. He was careful, while preserving relations with the members of the self-styled Provisional Government, to hold himself aloof from it. He was not of the Government ; he stood over and above it. He saw very clearly that nothing permanent could emerge from an assembly of a dozen private gentlemen meeting in cafés under the protection of French bayonets. Gombös with that acute judgment in seizing and summing up a situation, which is the mark of an efficient staff officer and a rare but exceedingly useful quality for a politician, surveyed the general as well as the local position and promptly evolved a new plan of action.

Huge portions of the country were occupied by the French, Rumanian and other foreign troops. The capital and most of the remainder of Hungary was plunged in anarchy under the none too efficient nor too cultured rule of Bela Kun. The red flag flew over the palace of the ancient kings ; the peasants, torn between the land-hunger which the Bolshevists promised to appease and their inborn conservatism, were at sixes and sevens. The army was disbanded ; only a few fragments of it maintained a precarious existence here and there. But thousands of demobilized officers were sitting in thousands of coffee-houses similar to that of Zsegedin, wondering where their next meal was to come from. Even were normal conditions to be restored, there would be no employment for them, since what the Allies had left of Hungary after having carved it up, was and would continue to be incapable of absorbing this huge number of professional or habitual soldiers. Gombös knew exactly how they felt for he himself was one of them. He had learned strategy and tactics ; he knew Army Regulations off by heart, but this was the kind of knowledge that could not be turned into money nor even into the essential minimum of daily bread necessary for life. More-

over it was the kind of knowledge that unfitted him and them for business or for any kind of civilian employment.

Here then were the elements out of which with a suitable parole and with efficient organization, a weapon could be forged that would save Hungary from internal disorder and establish some sort of basis upon which, by dint of patient labour, it might be possible to build up Greater Hungary again. Gombös submitted the idea to Admiral Horthy, who gave it his warm approval.

At the end of August, 1918, the Rumanian troops received instructions from the Allies to march into what was left of independent Hungary and clean up the Bolshevist mess. The Hungarian Red Army put up a desperate resistance, but this was the more hopeless since it was being betrayed at every step by many of the regular army officers who had joined under the pretence of having made their submission to the Reds. The admiral with a troop recruited from the coffee-house officers whom Gombös had organized into some sort of order, marched into Budapest in the wake of the foreign troops.

A period of wild repression followed, drastic action directed not only against the Bolshevists, not only against their Labour Allies, but particularly against the Jews. This was deliberately encouraged if not organized. For the banks, trade, industry and the press were in the hands of the Jews, and, if the appetites of the idle condottieres were to be stilled, the State must be able to give them jobs in economic undertakings. So the Jews were squeezed out of their commanding positions. Generals, colonels and even second-lieutenants were installed in directorial and editorial chairs. Gombös founded the Hungarian National Defence Union, with heavy subsidies from the Government, the banks and industry. Posters were displayed all over the country exhorting the people to "Boycott the Jews! Buy from the Officers' League!" Things were going along swimmingly for the officers who, a few weeks before, had been almost starving. Suddenly a bomb burst in this elysium of the money-grubbing anti-semite officers. King Charles was back. The whole of trans-Danubian Hungary had welcomed him with enthusiasm. He was rapidly nearing

Budapest with the firm resolve of restoring civilized rule and of clearing out the gang of robbers who had succeeded the gang of wild revolutionaries. Heartily sick of turmoil, persecution and exploitation, the people would certainly rally to their King. Horthy and Gombös saw the end of their glory fast approaching.

The situation as these two men saw it presented two possibilities:

(1) The Little Entente and its Allies might refuse to recognize the restoration and might once more set their armies in motion. That meant war. War meant that the generals and other smaller fry would have to vacate the directorial and editorial chairs in which they sat so comfortably and don field-service kit again. No alluring prospect.

(2) The Little Entente might come to the conclusion that orderly rule under Charles was preferable to a succession of extremist anarchies; normal conditions would be restored and all but the few officers required for the small Hungarian professional armies, would be put on quarter pay. Quarter pay was very unsatisfying after directorial fees and editorial salaries.

But somehow, a way out must be found. The Cabinet sat to consider the situation. Its session was rudely interrupted by the intrusion of a small group of officers headed by Gombös.

"The Hapsburger must not be allowed to reach the Capital!" he announced firmly.

"How are you going to prevent him?" asked the Premier.

"That is my business. Leave it to me," replied Gombös. And the Cabinet left it to him.

King Charles with his consort, Zita, had quietly left their Swiss exile in Prangins and flown by 'plane to Hungary. They landed at Steinamanger, close to the Austrian frontier. The royal couple drove into the town to the episcopal palace where they were welcomed by Bishop Mikas; the notables of the city assembled and took the oath of allegiance. The entire population, called together by the ringing of bells and blowing of sirens, went wild with joy. The commander of the garrison, Colonel Lehar, although he had been one of

Gombös's Zsegedin coffee-house friends, donned his parade uniform and hastened to place himself at the King's disposal. Troops took over the guard of the sovereign. A *Te Deum* was sung in the cathedral. A special train was put together and the entire town accompanied the royal couple to the station. Amid wild cheering and the singing of the National Anthem, the train with its armed guard of regulars, left for Budapest. The journey was a triumphal march. At every wayside station, the peasants gathered and smothered the train with flowers. Such was the situation when Gombös took command.

He lost no time. Scouring the Budapest cafés he gathered together all the ex-officers he could find. He addressed impassioned appeals to them: "The Hapsburgs led this country down the abyss of ruin!" he said. "For generations they cast our purest patriots into loathsome jails. It is a shame upon the name of Magyar, that we have tolerated their blood-thirsty rule so long!" Then he outlined the sorry prospects of the ex-officers if Charles should succeed in seizing power again. Some hesitated; others refused point blank to assist Gombös in his daring resistance. But somehow he managed to get together a few hundred men, mostly youngsters of between eighteen and twenty-two, cadets, second-lieutenants, students and the like. With this motley crowd he set out to bar the road to his King!

The railway line from Steina manager to Budapest, just before reaching the suburbs of the capital, makes a bend round a hill. The northern slopes of the hill bear the first villas of Budapest's outskirts. To the south, lie the villages of Toeroekbalink and Budaoets. Gombös established his headquarters on this hill. He caused field-guns to be dragged up the slopes and placed in a commanding position by his youthful gang.

The royal train was approaching fast. No one in it anticipated the slightest trouble. A halt was called at Toeroekbalink. There a rough altar had been erected and a field-mass was held. King Charles rendered thanks for the smooth way in which his bold undertaking had so far succeeded. The royal party re-entered the train and prepared for arrival at Budapest a few minutes later. In the

capital, ignorant of the *coup* planned by Gombös, the population in Sunday clothes, carrying flags and flowers, was lining the streets. Detachments of war veterans with flying colours were marching to the station. Brass bands were taking up position. Newsboys ran shouting the contents-sheets: "The King is home again!"; "How the Provinces welcomed the King!"; "The provincial garrisons take oath of allegiance to the King!"; "Budapest prepares to welcome its Sovereigns!"

Suddenly a single cannon shot rang out.

"They must have reached the confines of the city," people commented. "They will be here in a moment. That must be the first shot of the salute. They are giving them a salute of a hundred and one guns!"

But there came no one hundred and one shots. There were but three. Fired by Gombös's orders those three were sufficient to stay the whole venture, to alter the whole course of history and to send the House of Hapsburg into exile once more! The first shell flew over the royal train and buried itself in a field close by. The second burst just over the engine and blew off the royal standard. The third burst a couple of yards in front of the locomotive and tore up the line. The train stopped with a violent shock.

"They are firing on us!" an officer reported to King Charles, who pale, but composed, was standing at the carriage window. The officer commanding the half company of regulars, travelling in the special train as guard of honour, shouted a command: "In extended order! Take cover! Prepare to fire!"

But the King's voice rang out: "Cease fire! I will have no blood shed. If Hungary will not have me I will go away again!"

He had no idea that it was not Hungary which was offering that churlish welcome; that it was merely Staff Captain Gombös with a hundred or so young officers and students. The King and his small band of faithful attendants were placed under arrest. For the first and last time two men met at the cross-roads of history: Staff Captain Gombös and that heir of a hundred kings, to whom he had once sworn allegiance. The one marched boldly into the political history of his

country; the other marched out of history altogether. Broken-hearted, Charles of Hapsburg went to Madeira to die. Gombös ran up the ladder of success.

He was elected a member of the first National Assembly. His election programme contained "Anti-Semitism" as his sole contribution to political thought. A good enough electioneering cry these days, all over Central Europe, where the people are demanding scapegoats, but, as more than one would-be ruler has found out, no sufficient programme with which to rule a country.

Gombös had no illusions on the subject. His private life shows that he had no personal antipathy to the Jews. His Jew-baiting was mere opportunism; the political tactics of the moment. Moreover he recognized quickly enough, that although he had smothered the restoration of King Charles, neither he nor Admiral Horthy, who in guise of Regent had become Chief of State, could actually kill the monarchical idea.

Accordingly he looked around for a pliable candidate for the throne. He picked upon Archduke Albrecht, the wealthiest of the House of Hapsburg, son of that Archduke Frederic, who was one of the largest landowners in Central Europe and had always enjoyed a certain amount of popularity in Hungary. Millions were spent in propaganda for Albrecht. Newspapers were brought up or founded in his interest; organizations, leagues and parties were formed on his behalf. A whirlwind of words of adulation and praise swept through the country. Archduke Frederic paid without a murmur. After two years of this Gombös and his friends realized—what to less biased eyes would have been clear from the start—that the venture was hopeless. Thousands of Hungarians who would have welcomed the legitimate King with open arms, turned the cold shoulder to one whom they considered, rightly or wrongly, an intriguer and an usurper. Moreover the Little Entente, waxing stronger and more compact every day, was in no mood to tolerate Hapsburg experiments particularly in turbulent Budapest. Even the Frederic millions came to an end. Archduke Albrecht, in sackcloth and ashes, went on a pilgrimage to Steenockerzeel and there made his submission

to Empress Zita and took the oath of allegiance to his young kinsman Otto, the head of the House. The subsidized newspapers dropped out of existence, the picture postcards were thrown into the gutter, the leagues and parties were quietly disbanded. The propaganda agents retired upon the fruits of their pickings and Archduke Albrecht was left to bewail the family millions that had evaporated over Gombös's ill-conceived venture to restore a monarchy he had so audaciously attempted to destroy.

Gombös, of course, had seen the collapse coming and, with his usual shrewdness, had gone while the going was good. He was now Secretary of State in the Ministry of War. His chief, the minister, was Count Karl Czaky. For a time they worked in harmonious co-operation and Gombös had a chance to show that he possessed sterling qualities as an administrator. But a scandal broke out over some munitions order by the War Office and the Minister of War was compelled to resign. Gombös himself came out of the affair with clean hands, but another scandal of a totally different order attached itself to his name. German extremists of the Right, precursors of Hitler, had foully murdered that courageous statesman Erzberger. The murderers fled to Hungary. Gombös afforded them sanctuary and hiding and hospitality on his estate. It was there that the police ran them to earth, and it was there that they were arrested. It is significant of the power and influence that Gombös had succeeded in gradually building up that this incident, which would have broken or at least interrupted most political careers, did not even shake his position. He resigned his office as Secretary of State, only to rise to the dignity of a Cabinet Minister.

The head of the Government was Count Stephan Bethlen. Now Bethlen had been in office for a long time; people, especially those who had been deceived in their hopes of sharing in the good things that pertain to office, began to say that Bethlen had been in too long. Moreover, every administration in this part of the world, after a certain time begins to accumulate a certain amount of financial mud, that offers after baking in the fires of misrepresentation very handy missiles to its opponents.

Gombös with his finger always, on the pulse of public opinion, realized this acutely. He joined the Bethlen Government, but within a year he had intrigued it into a fall.

Count Julius Andrassy, a pleasant, well-meaning old gentleman, who, to his own and everybody else's surprise, had found himself installed as Bethlen's successor at the Castle, did not last long. He had quietly wandered into office and he as quietly wandered out of it again. His successor was former Staff Captain Gombös.

Without material assets of any kind, without family influence in a country where family influence counts more than anything else, without any previous political training, Gombös had, in a surprisingly short time, managed to climb to the top of the ladder. Now came his opportunity to show constructive statesmanship. He started out, like most politicians, with lavish promises. Parliament was to be elected on a direct and universal vote; it was henceforth to be, not the privilege of the few, but the inalienable right of the many. A radical and comprehensive scheme of land reforms was to be put through. Public finances were to be placed in order. Business was to be revived. In the field of foreign affairs, Hungary was to be dragged out of her humble obscurity and to take a prominent place in the councils of Europe. . . .

There are two departments in which Gombös achieved something. Those are foreign affairs and national defence. Though the treaties which severely restrict Hungary's freedom to organize her army still exist, the Hungarian army stands to-day as a force of undoubted strength and efficiency. This has been accomplished without publicity, without noise, without even attracting much attention. But it has been done with truly remarkable thoroughness and efficiency.

The results obtained in foreign policy are less concrete, but there can be no doubt that Gombös succeeded, at least temporarily, in putting Hungary on the map again. He was accused by his opponents, notably by Tibor Eckhardt and Count Bethlen, of indecision and faltering in foreign affairs, of running to and fro from Berlin to Warsaw, from Rome to Vienna. It is perfectly true that he did

all this, but he did it with a purpose. He conceived the brilliant idea of profiting by the difficult positions respectively of Germany and Italy. He launched the notion of a sort of mutual-help block between Germany, Poland, Hungary, Austria and Italy; not an alliance in the old sense, but a collection of back-insurance policies. It might take several forms: it might lead to the block of the Western Powers plus Soviet Russia, being met with what one might describe as a Fascist block composed of the States just named. Or it might take the form of a block of Neutrals, composed of Italy, Poland, Austria and Hungary, standing aloof during the first stages of the coming conflagration, prepared at the psychological moment to throw into the scales the full weight of fifteen million fresh bayonets or even more. And to secure the price for it. Hungary's price is clear: the restoration of her lost provinces, of those vast regions where once Magyars ruled, where now Rumanians, Serbs and Czechoslovakians are lords and masters. It is too soon to judge yet whether these far-seeing schemes will materialize. But this is known. In Rome, in Warsaw, in Berlin, in Vienna the idea is being weighed, discussed, canvassed and negotiated.

The Jester

By Tony Rowe

BIAGIO, the dwarf, was in his workshop cutting the good cloth. The morning was so new that the birds were scarcely astir or the dew off the thorn, and the Via Torretta lay in shadow, its houses turning blind eyes to the dawn, its cobble stones rude and bare in the grey light.

The little tailor burned a candle the better to see at his work, and the long blades of the shears, with every snip they made, flashed blue fire. The candle-stick was a lovely thing of chased brass, and the nimbus of flame lived again in the polished shaft, making dual light in the sombre place.

With satisfaction, he watched the garment shape itself beneath his deft touch. His stubby fingers caressed the cloth that flowed across them; it was heavy: velvet-smooth as the skin of a peach, and unpatterned. But at the far end of the board lay a tumbled pile of richer stuff, more deeply-hued and inwrought with running threads of gold: golden serpents on a field of emerald, tortuous and twisted, until in the candle's light they seemed alive.

With a turn of the wrist, Biagio carved the curve of the shoulder that would be wedded to the great, embossed sleeve. He sang softly. No need to awaken the fools who lay sleeping yet in the shuttered houses beyond. He would not have sung had there been any astir to hear, for his song was of love, and love, the dwarf well knew, was not for him. The subject, indeed, was a matter for constant jest among his neighbours.

" Eh ! Biagio ! " they would call from their shop doors, as he passed. " Have you gotten yourself a woman yet ? To warm your bed ! The nights are sharp ! " and a gust of laughter would run the street. Every casement would come to life at the quip, head nodding to head, and mirth be bandied across the way.

" Has Biagio got a woman yet ! Did you hear ? Santo Dio ! See how he bows at the knees ! Only look at the ' bundle ' he carries on his back ! What woman would take old Gobbo ? "

Then one, more devil-inspired than the rest, would whisper, " La Fiammetta ! " and the laughter that had been a gust became a storm. It beat upon the dwarf's head ; it brought the dark blood to his face. La Fiammetta, herself, would appear at her casement, her white shoulders shaking at the joke, her bright eyes darting their arrows abroad. He wanted to run away from it all, back to his trade ; to shut his door against them and, with the good, sweet work, ease his mind of all hurt ; to watch the garments beautifully form beneath his touch.

Shears in hand, he paused now to recall their play against him. They coupled his name with that of La Fiammetta as a piece of exquisite ribaldry. It was her fault that he was so plagued. The story of how Biagio, the misshapen, had come to her by night with gold was too good a one to keep to herself. Gold was gold, and one had to live ; whatever one's trade, one had to live, was it not so ? And the bag that the creature had dangled before her eyes was no paltry one. But . . . his crooked body was such that even a harlot could not stomach. And he had looked so comical standing there, one leg rubbing against the other, his brows beetling, as though he would frighten her into doing what he wished. Figure to yourself how droll a thing it was ! Biagio to aspire to La Fiammetta whose beauty could command the best blood in the town—yes, even the Visconti, though that was a thing to utter cautiously, you understand.

It only needed one telling. The thing spread like wild-fire : " Gobbo and La Fiammetta ! " it ran, a chorus through the quarter. Oh ! Oh ! Incomparable !

He would never be able to live it down—unless by finding himself a woman, he stripped the jest of its flavour. But what woman would have him ? It was as they said : the legs were bowed, the " bundle " was upon his back : that accursed hump that made him into a caricature of a man.

The love-bird, which he kept in a cage hung against the window, awoke and commenced to twitter. Biagio pinched the candle wick between forefinger and thumb and extinguished the flame. The sun was up. There was now

no need of the lesser light. A golden shaft came pointing down the street ; it touched the gable of the harlot's house, making the red tiles ardent in the sudden glow, and scattered its richness on the cobble stones, so that the Via Torretta seemed a golden way. Biagio watched the magic with kindling eye. Grey, a moment since, and now all gold ! A world in which everything shone ; the window-panes diamonded.

The Via Torretta awoke. Shutters were thrown back. Children tumbled into the street like apples emptied from a basket, rosy-cheeked and radiant. From an upper window a mat was shaken. At the street doors men appeared and gave one another " good-day."

" Eh ! " said Biagio, " The world's astir," and sighed.

He got back into the shadows, away from the shining threshold and the window.

" If I were as pretty as the bird," he said, " I'd court the sunshine," and whistled a few shrill notes.

At the sound, the creature hopped from its perch and deftly loosened the fastenings of its cage. It flew across the room and perched on the dwarf's shoulder.

" What ! " said its master, " Does someone love old Gobbo ? "

The bird ran its beak through the man's coarse hair and twittered softly against his ear.

" Tst ! " said the dwarf and rubbed a blunt finger affectionately against the feathers of its breast. " Is it nothing to you, then that old Gobbo is hideous ? Out into the sunshine, pretty fool ! "

But the bird stayed.

The neighbours did not see their Biagio that day. Through the hours he sat at his work. The garment grew in his hands, velvet to velvet, the gold serpents twining. It was no common apparel. The proud sleeves bellied, gilt-encrusted and bordered with miniver ; the belt clasped with square-cut emeralds set in beaten gold. When the sun shone red through the workshop window, the thing was finished. It lay kingly on the tailor's board, its tawny velvets aglow like old wine. He made a parcel of it and took it to the Castello Campeggio, where it belonged.

The moon was up as he walked back through the streets. In the archway by the Ponte Brolla, lovers were whispering. They stood clasped. White arms were about the fellow's neck; honey-sweet kisses on his mouth.

"Eh!" said Biagio sighing, and looked away.

As he crossed an open patch of moonlit street, his shadow mocked in his wake, exaggerated beyond belief: a loutish giant with a devil between its shoulders; bowed legs straddled the earth.

The same white moonshine brightened his small home. It shone through the window's lattice and laced the floor in patterns royal as those of an Emperor's palace. The red glow of embers was on the tiled hearth, his little pot of chicken stew among them.

He took a basin and half filled it with the savoury mess. He lifted out long pieces of the tender flesh and ate them with relish, wiping his fingers on a hunk of stale bread. As he ate, he thought still of the manner in which the harlot had rejected his gold; brooded yet on the cruel laughter. She had not guessed that he was undesirous of her; that he had wished only to boast possession of her: to take the savour from the jest of which he sickened.

He heard the door, which he had not troubled to close, creak behind him, and thought the night wind stirred it. He was mistaken. It was no wind that entered, but a woman. He whipped round as her footstep sounded close beside him, and from his little stool looked up at her.

Her face was as colourless as the gown cut square and low to the curve of her breasts. Gesù Rè! How white was that bosom! She stood motionless, her grey eyes holding his. The pale gold of her hair was as a halo shining about her head. She seemed an angel, nothing less, radiant before him in his humble room.

He crossed himself, wondering if he were about to die. How but in the light of a warning could such a visitation be interpreted?

His angel dropped on one knee and reached long hands towards a piece of stale bread, which he, in his fear had let fall to the ground. It might have been the daintiest of morsels, so eagerly did she devour it. Nothing of it was

lost. At the last, she bent to gather from the polished stones the few crumbs that had scattered about her. It was clear that she was hungry; it was equally clear that she was not from heaven, as he had at first supposed. Her gaze rested with unmistakable significance on the basin in his hand. Dazed, he held it out to her. Not until the vessel was scoured of its contents did she look again towards him. Her other knee found the floor. She sank back to rest upon her heels. Her head drooped on its long stalk of neck as wearily as a flower droops beneath a too-hot sun.

The dwarf rose tremblingly to his feet.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Shelter," she answered.

The word confused him. He could not meet its significance, which was fabulous, not meant for such as he. He boggled at it.

"Who are you? What is your name?"

"You may call me what you will," she said very low. "I am a woman who asks for shelter, but who has no money with which to pay. There are, perhaps, other ways."

Other ways! Sagro Cuor di Gesù! Did his ears play tricks on him? Was his mind failing at last? He lighted his tall candle and placed it so that it might shine full upon him. Other ways!

"Do you see?" he asked when he could find his voice. He pointed to his crooked legs, turned slowly to show the "bundle" on his back, peered at her, his face close to the flame.

"Do you see?"

"I see."

"I am Biagio, the dwarf—Old Gobbo the neighbours call me. Even the children laugh at me, and when they laugh I scowl at them, like this; and they run from me."

He squinted horribly and drew his black brows low. "Have you found yourself a woman yet, Biagio?" they ask, and never tire of the jest. It is I, only, who tire."

He beat his breast with his hands, grinning at her.

"It is only I who tire of the jest," he repeated loudly. "Will you go—or stay?"

"I will stay," she answered.

She would stay! He did not dream the words; they were clear, though low. They rang through the room, silver-tongued, and echoed in his brain, and yet again in his heart.

"Then come!"

He took the candle-stick in his hand and led the way up a narrow flight of stairs to the room above. It was long and low, the ceiling spanned from end to end with beams as thick as a man's body. There was nothing in it but the bed and an old chest. From the latter, Biagio took a pair of sheets, and with scrupulous care, as befitted so great an occasion, prepared the bed. The woman stood by, motionless, her face a mask.

When he had finished his task; when the sheets were folded back, and the pillow lay waiting for her golden head to press it, he took the candle and set it in the window, where it shone, a star to the night.

"Sleep well," he said, and dropped clumsily to one knee. He raised the hem of her garment to his lips, then looking up wondered anew at the whiteness of her bosom.

"I shall call you," he whispered, the stuff of her gown held between forefinger and thumb, "Collebianca!"

She repeated the name after him, slowly.

That night, Collebianca rested a weary body between sheets fragrant with the perfume of pressed herbs; and the dwarf slept across her threshold, his dark cheek resting against the panels of her closed door.

II

A rumour spread of change in the tailor's household. The place took on an unaccustomed orderliness. Windows that had been closed were opened to the sun. No longer was there to be seen dust on ledge or floor. Daily the dwarf's voice was heard raised in tuneless song. Tuneless, yes, that was nothing new. All were aware that old Gobbo had not a note of music in his too-large head. But, would you only listen to the words? They were those of a lover! Moreover, the fellow strutted as he walked. There was an air of arrogance about him!

Never before had he received so many visitors. As they chatted, they peered beyond his shoulder into the shadows

of the low-raftered place. Never a whisk of a skirt did they get for their pains. "Diavolo!" they said. "Does the fellow keep her in a cage, then?"

They had not long to wait for an answer to their questions. When market-day came round the mystery was revealed. Tongues were robbed of speech. Eyes unduly protruded from their sockets. Beyond all question, Biagio had gotten himself a woman. The old jest would no longer serve.

He had timed his arrival for when the market-place was crowded, and the bargaining was at its height. He meant to make a good thing of it, this Biagio, for so long the butt of their laughter. They might laugh the other side of their mouth for a change. It was he who now set the pace for mirth. At the moment of his triumph, their mouths were incapable of anything but gaping. A hush descended on the market-place, deep as silent prayer, unbroken save for the cackle of an irreverent goose, a creature naturally insensible to the new wonder.

Across the square, heading straight for Alessandro's stall, moved Biagio. His chest was thrown out, his shoulders swaggered. He was like a preposterous bantam, lording it in the full plumage of his self-esteem. Behind him went the woman, a basket on either arm, a coif around her head, and —Holy Mother of God! did they see aright?—about her neck a brass collar with the letters G O B B O in "rubies."

The woman walked meekly, her eyes downcast. There was no doubt but that the fellow had her subservient to his slightest word. He did not hesitate either, to display his power. It was Collebianca this, and Collebianca that, and on her part, not so much as a blink or a rebellious murmur. Whoever named her had proved their discrimination. Collebianca, Whitethroat, it was apt. God's Blessed Mother, Herself, had not a bosom more pure. Not a woman present but envied her so fair a skin. She was a lily to their berried ripeness, a star shining to the garish lights of earth.

The whole market-place attended the procession with eye and ear and eager speculation. Not a stall-holder but solicited the dwarf's patronage. When the first stupefaction had passed, a babel of importunity assailed his ears.

Superbly he rose to the great occasion. With his love-bird poised on his shoulder, and the woman following, he strutted from one piled truck to another considering, rejecting, lording it, his eye bright and his colour high.

The baskets commenced to fill with produce fit for a love-feast ; they weighed heavily on Collebianca's shapely arms.

" Two mouths now to fill instead of one ! " boasted the dwarf, puffing himself afresh.

He had, by this, reached the livestock, and cast an appraising eye over the vociferous geese.

" Your best and largest, Malfio ! " he said, pointing to a lordly bird and jingling the good money in his pocket.

Malfio, quick to the word, deftly twisted the neck of the creature and transferred the carcass to its new owner. It dangled in the dwarf's grasp, its golden legs trailing the ground.

" And a goat ? "

" Gesù ! What will you do with a goat, Biagio ? " asked one, giving him his proper name for the first time in months.

" What does one do with a goat but milk it ? " he asked grandly.

" But the goat-herd who calls each morning will milk enough from out his little goat for your needs ! " persisted the astonished woman.

" Perhaps it is for his Mistress to bathe in ! " conjectured another, " as the Donna Campeggio bathes each day in asses' milk, hey ? "

" Perhaps it is for my own use, when the woman prepares the bath each night for me ! " roared Biagio. " Eh, wench ? "

" Yes, master," said Collebianca very low.

The crowd turned as one man to stare at her. It was the first time she had spoken. She stood modestly, weighted on either side by the loaded baskets, eyes lowered.

" When we have bought cheese," said the dwarf, checking over his purchases, " we have done."

From the campanile, tapering whitely into the blue, a clock struck noon. Twelve silver notes dropped into the

medley of sound sweet as dew on a parched earth. Shivers of heat were above the square. From a cloudless sky, light poured down on the sweating crowd. A thousand odours mingled.

"So!" said the dwarf, adding a cheese to the already overflowing basket. "The goat will do another day. The purse lightens! Come, Collebianca!"

Once more he strutted; a preposterous figure, the wings of the dead bird outspread against his crooked legs. Collebianca followed at his heels, as a well-trained dog follows the master who owns him. As she walked, exquisitely balanced on the cobble stones, the jewelled collar about her neck flashed G O B B O to the high day.

Until night, the subject of that new wonder held. Caterina, the cobbler's dame, had a window that overlooked the tailor's yard. She reported that the woman was seated there plucking the goose. Her sleeves were rolled above her elbows, her head unbound. And her hair—might God in His mercy forgive her if she spoke aught but the truth—was paler than the young moon's light!

All looked at one another's black tresses and shook their heads.

In the dwarf's work room it was cool and quiet. The street door remained closed throughout the day, but that which led into the yard was open. From his cutting and basting, Biagio raised his eyes and saw the woman seated in the shadow engaged in some occupation of a domestic nature. She was still there as the sun set, and its dying light flushed rose on her white bosom and face. For a moment, as the dwarf watched enraptured, it seemed as though her quick blood leaped to a lover's kiss. When the shadows deepened to violet, she came within and lighted candles, and on the long board served a supper fit for a king.

Folk would have stared when the meal was ended, to see before the hearth, on which a few logs dully burned, Collebianca in a high-backed chair enthroned as a queen, the dwarf crouched at her feet. At her feet, too, was the collar, discarded, the letters ardent in the ember's glow.

Was this then what they did, these two, of an evening? The Quarter imagined them very differently occupied.

Was he dumb who had boasted so loudly in the market-place? Had he no more spirit than to crouch dog-like before the woman he owned?

He was content so to do.

She was a light in his poor house, shining as a star shines; and as to a star, so to her white presence, he lifted his eyes.

"That pantomime, in the market-place," he stammered, and red shame stained his face. "Madonna, can you forgive it?"

"It was in the bargain, Biagio," she reminded him gently, "and a small enough thing each day with which to repay protection."

"It is to stop their laughter," he pleaded miserably, eyes moist.

She ran her fingers through his thick hair, and he growled in his throat at the exquisite pleasure of the touch.

"They will not laugh again. Be easy, my little dwarf."

The hateful word had no hurt in it. God in His mercy had crookedly fashioned him, that her gentle pity might fall upon him in lovely benediction.

III

Surely, the Quarter grew accustomed to the altered *ménage*. There is no more certain cure for wonder than the daily appearance of the object which evoked it, and Collebianca, the badge of her servitude ever about her neck, was to be seen morning, noon and night, by all who cared to observe her. She joined with the women weekly at the river to wash the dwarf's and her own clothes. The company stared when it saw the latter's fine texture, but the sight was all they had to content them. The owner of the garments might have been dumb, for all the information her red lips imparted. Prompt one another, ply their questions until invention failed, never an answer did those housewives get. The sun might kiss her cheeks to a warmer beauty, the wind whip strands of her hair from beneath her neat coif until they streamed like golden banners on the air; neither it seemed had power to loose her tongue.

Twice a week, was she to be seen in the wake of her

diminutive lord, a basket on either arm, eyes downcast. Only then, by her monotonous repetition of, "Yes, master," did she prove to them that she had not, by her Maker, been afflicted with dumbness. As for the dwarf, he continued to strut and puff, to boast to any who would listen—and you may be sure that he never lacked an audience. He bought a little goat, and on dainty-strutting hoofs it trotted at his heels. Bird and beast and woman, he drove his team with a flourish that better men might well have envied.

The Quarter still laughed at him, but the quality of its mirth was changed. They made fun of his extravagances, indulged in jokes at his expense and—envied him. Not a man but coveted one, at least, of his possessions. He knew it and the knowledge was to his soul as rain is to thirsting flowers.

Every day at high noon, her work done, Collebianca went alone to the chiesa. It faced the market-square: not a hundred paces from the harlot's house and the tavern, so that if a man sinned, there was absolution close to hand. Twelve steps led up to it, and a colonnade that was dappled sun and shadow ran its length. You might stand between those pillars and look down into the square below. Before you were in progress the noisy concerns of men; behind you sombrely brooded the things of God. Without, the sunlight poured untempered; within, it was constrained to softer and more varied hues. Purple, red and blue, it streamed through the stained-glass windows to scatter, amethyst, ruby and sapphire, like spilled treasure on the marbled floor. Before each shrine, golden arrow-flames of candles shone. Above the high altar burned the red light of Perpetual Adoration. From their several niches, the company of saints looked serenely down. It was so quiet that the twitter of sparrows in the eaves was plainly heard. Collebianca, kneeling before the Altar of Our Lady, prayed long.

So folk grew used to the state of affairs: the market-day procession, the daily pilgrimage to church, the candle set nightly in the window above the tailor's work-shop. . . . The nine day's wonder was dead.

Then, to shatter the restored tranquillity, there came

one day a new wonder.

Riding a-horseback, with a jingle of spur and bridle, a feather flaunting in his cap, came Ubaldo at high noon. Ubaldo the bandit, on whose head a price had long been set! That was excitement enough without the disturbing sequel to his visit. Buyer and vendor alike left the loaded stalls and flocked to him as an army flocks to the standard of a general. He was a man, that one! Superbly, insolently he sat his horse, the dark hair curling about the edges of his green cap, his neck rising a bronzed column from out the opening of his loose blouse. In his girdle was thrust a dagger; at his side, a streak of quicksilver, hung a rapier. Gloves were on his hands and rings adorned them: emeralds that flashed green fire, and pointing diamonds.

"Where is this 'Collebianca' and where her 'Master'?" Ubaldo asking for "Whitethroat!" Dios! What next?

A hundred voices answered him: The woman was in the church, as was her custom at such an hour. She was devout, this "Whitethroat." Every day it was the same thing. And the dwarf—was in his work-shop, they could vouch for that.

"*Dwarf?*" he said, ribald wonder dawning in his black eyes. Then—"Let the creature be brought," he ordered grandly, as though the Magnificance of Campeggio himself had spoken.

Incontinently they dragged the little tailor from his board, and urged him over the cobble stones at a pace more swift than his short legs could comfortably support. His face puckered in terror when he saw what awaited him. As they plumped him before that insolent figure, his knees weakened and his courage dwindled to a thin thread.

"This thing?" roared the bandit. "This creature to possess the woman I have held in my arms?"

His hand went to his girdle, and the dwarf's face blanched.

"Go! Puppet!" he said, "to the church, and tell her Ubaldo waits!"

In the dwarf's breast, the thread of courage strengthened.

"What will you do with her?" he asked, his teeth chattering in his head.

"Do?" the voice thundered. "Dog's vomit, do you question me?"

They urged him forward; closed about him so that he might not escape. Slowly he mounted, the "bundle" a dark fiend on his back, his crooked legs painfully straddling the ascent. At the top, he paused to look back. A sea of faces was upturned, a thousand arms waved him on. Laughter was rippling the crowd as the wind ripples a field of corn. To it, the toiling, misshapen figure was a fit subject for mirth.

Let them laugh! All his life had been lived to the sound. It didn't matter now, when the star of his life was to be taken from him; the crown of his days. Between fear and grief, his face went grey. What would the braggart do with her? He had boasted that his arms had held her. Would she fly again to that embrace? The shame of it all lay in the fact that if, instead, she chose to fly from it he, Biagio, was powerless. What could he do against that god—or devil—with death in his girdle and at his side? Ah! Gesù morte! what did it avail that a flame burned in his heart, since it could not burst its bond and with the white heat of purity blast any who meant her harm?

The door against which his shoulder feebly struggled opened, and Collebianca emerged. She was in her cream dress. The collar of brass was around her neck. Its red stones shone.

"Madonna!" he said, his voice a cracked bell. The tongue cleaved to the palate. He was incapable of further sound.

She saw the waiting crowd with that arrogant figure at its head, and knew that the hour of her trial had come. At sight of her, the man swept his cap from his head. Its green feather whipped through the air like a dart.

"Donna Collebianca!" he said in ringing tones, and she heard the mockery in them, saw the lips curve to laughter.

"Mary! Holy One! Grant me now my prayers!"

She could have fawned to his feet and kissed them as they rested in the silver stirrups. Her heart yearned for him; her body swooned for his embrace. Memories crowd-

ing made her faint to know their renewal. What though he had cast her from him? For an hour, for a moment, only to know that bitter-sweetness renewed!

"Mary! Holy One! Let not my prayers be in vain!"

"Collebianca!" he laughed. "Who is your master this day?"

The crowd waited, eager faces upturned, breath caught back for the answer.

"Mary! Holy One!"

She rested a white hand on the dwarf's shoulder.

"Can you not read?" she asked, her voice a trumpet-call. "I bear my master's name here," and pointed to the collar about her neck.

The white teeth glittered, but no longer in mirth. Sharp as the sudden thrust of a sword, he drew his breath.

"You choose *that*?"

"I choose and am chosen!" she said, her head high. "Go your ways, Ubaldo!"

None saw his arm move, so swift it was, but through the air the dagger sped, falcon-swift toward the dwarf's heart; death-sure, pointed.

Whitethroat was swifter yet. A pace before the dwarf, she dropped to one knee, her breast on a level with that faithful heart, her body a shield to it. As the lark drops into its nest from heaven's field, the dagger found its home. Collebianca slid sideways on the stones. She who had worn rubies about her throat wore them now on the white bosom of her gown. From the crowd came a long "Ah!" of breath expelled.

In sight of all, while the spell held, she reached her arms upward. Around the dwarf's neck they fastened, clung; then white hands framed his face. Puckered and grey, it boasted no beauty. The coarse hair fell, disordered, over the high brow; the eyes were blurred by tears.

She drew the face down to her, close. Death was closer yet, but it could not cheat her of that last office. Her kiss was on her protector's mouth. With incredulous eyes the crowd witnessed the embrace. It whipped from their hearts the last, lurking doubt. Gobbo, the ridiculous, the derided, the twisted sport of Fate, was for ever declared.

Dio! what a morning! With one thing and another, there was enough to satisfy the keenest appetite! What next? Before their eyes, at Christ's door lay a dead woman —a man, too, it might be, so still he rested on her heart. Behind them the flash of steel! Ubaldo turned his devil-ridden face about and then wheeling, plunging, the great black stallion was away with him across the square. The brute took Alessandro's stall in its stride, its iron-shod heels scattering the wares on the grey stones. It leaped over the terrified goats and cackling, scrambling geese, and after it, spears flashing, hoarse-throated, their animals trampling the soft fruits into a mess of purple, orange and red, rode the guard. Had not a price been set on the fellow's head? Was he to be allowed thus to flout the Visconti decree, and flaunt his impudence in their very faces?

Towards the mountains they sped, pursuer and pursued, the crowd after them. Chattering, laughing, eager, it streamed beyond the grey walls, out on to the dust-white road.

Only Alessandro was left behind to bewail his loss, muttering, sobbing as he gathered up a stray cabbage here, an orange there. It did not interest him that on the top-most steps before the church a dwarf, his face mingling anguish and glory, folded a dead woman's hands across her breast, and with fingers that fluttered and fumbled laid against her stiffening lips the little silver cross that he wore suspended by a slender chain around his neck.

The Theatre

THIS'LL MAKE YOU WHISTLE. *Palace Theatre.*

A BRIGHT, well-dressed, amiable, if aimless, musical comedy. Jack Buchanan, as full of youth and charm as ever, delights his audience with his personality and carefree dancing.

The plot is almost non-existent. I have memories of several mix-ups with fiancées and at least one irate parent to add to the discomfiture of the hero, but it all straightens out in the end—inevitably.

Elsie Randolph is charming, and David Hutcheson, whose sense of comedy is delicious, ably supports Mr. Buchanan.

Jean Gillie is the heroine and should either have singing lessons, or not attempt to sing at all. But she can dance and is so very pretty to look at that it really does not matter what she does.

The music is gay and the title tune really does what it says it will do.

CAROL REES.

THE SILVER BOX. *"Q" Theatre.*

A REVIVAL of *The Silver Box* by John Galsworthy is presented this week at the " Q " Theatre, Chiswick.

Originally produced at the Court Theatre, Sloane Square, in 1906, the characteristics of Galsworthy as a playwright are revealed in this, his first play.

The play unfolds itself as a contrast between the consequences of sin in one class and another.

In 1906 Galsworthy was regarded, and indeed was, a leading realist writer—his plays were vehicles for messages to his time, and it is perhaps ungracious to remember that that time was thirty years ago—and the problems and difficulties that confronted the poorer classes in those far-off pre-war days no longer exist in their same form to-day.

The value of the play as " good theatre," however, few wil dispute, and anyone who claims the slightest interest in the Drama, would have found a visit to this revival well worth their while.

Good performances were given by Emmeline Lobley, as Mrs. Jones, and Malcolm Morley, as Mr. Jones, who stole, or as he puts it, " took " the Silver Box.

The production of the play is also to Mr. Morley's credit, and was warmly appreciated by an enthusiastic audience.

Literary Supplement

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR. FIRST EARL OF BALFOUR. By BLANCHE E. C. DUGDALE. Volume I. *Hutchinson.* 21*s.*

WALTER LONG AND HIS TIMES. By SIR CHARLES PETRIE. *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

THESE TWO books deal with that period of political history the great bulk of which is within the recollection of the older generation living to-day. Both Balfour and Long were leaders in the Conservative Party in that rather unimpressive period of party success and national stagnation which followed the death of Disraeli.

Sir Charles Petrie has the less attractive subject but has written the more successful book. He has several advantages over Mrs. Dugdale. In the first place his book is complete in one volume, whereas on Mrs. Dugdale's book one has to suspend judgment on the two points of great controversy in Balfour's life, his report on the Battle of Jutland and his promise to the Zionists in Palestine. Again Sir Charles is the trained historian and writer of established and deserved reputation who had the advantage of knowing the late Lord Long without being intimate with him. Mrs. Dugdale had the doubtful advantage from a biographical point of view of being related to Balfour and seeing him at close quarters. I seldom like biographies by women or biographies by relatives; Mrs. Dugdale's book has not succeeded in removing my prejudice on either point.

It is interesting that these two books should have appeared almost simultaneously; for Balfour was leader of the Conservative Party, and Long the perfect representative of a section of the Conservative Party which does not generally supply leaders but which any Conservative leader must understand and interpret. The portrait of Long in this capacity is extremely well drawn. It is not suggested by Sir Charles that Long was either a leader in a bigger sense of that word or a political thinker of any original genius. He was, however, a sound administrator, a loyal colleague, and a devoted exponent of the difficult task of interpreting Conservative principles in a changing world.

To Sir Charles' portrait of Walter Long as representative Tory we can give our unqualified approval. What of Mrs. Dugdale's portrait of Balfour? Mrs. Dugdale has printed a series of most interesting letters between "My dear Arthur" and "My dear Uncle Robert." Many of these letters are very revealing of Balfour's mind and personality. Thus he says in a letter in 1882, "I hold that it is better to describe a man as having feloniously appropriated other people's property than to describe him merely as a thief." One wonders why. Again in 1890 he writes "How all this is to end

I do not know and I do not much care. It is extraordinarily amusing while it lasts. . . ." That is typical of Balfour's attitude to politics.

But it is not enough for a biographer to secure and present interesting material. He or she must in their own narrative create the living and enduring image of the man that was. This I feel Mrs. Dugdale has not altogether succeeded in doing. She is not sufficiently selective nor interpretative ; her biography is too much in the nature of an apologia ; and she has no marked sense of the dramatic. Also, she has lapses in English. Thus on page 199 we find a reference to a lady " who had poured out to him a rather hysterical story of a rather sham tragedy." Why these two " rathers " ? Hysteria and fallacy are of all things the most absolute and incapable of qualification. Again on page 191 " Balfour went regularly on Sunday morning to the Parish Church which is on the other side of the deep Glen separating Whittinghame House from the Garden as is so often the case in Scotland." Which is so often the case in Scotland—the regular church-going or the position of the parish church, or the separation of the house from the garden ?

Mrs. Dugdale, like Balfour himself, is at her best in the treatment of the Irish Secretaryship. She is right too to say " His connection with the Fourth party has little importance to-day except as it served to bring out his loyalty to his kinsmen and political chief." Balfour was always for Salisbury before he was for the Fourth Party. With her defence of his attitude to the Protectionist Issue most Conservatives will dissent. Real party unity depends on leadership : the sort of party unity which is preserved at the sacrifice of the principle of leadership is not worth preservation.

For a final judgment on Mrs. Dugdale's estimate of Balfour we must await her second volume. My reading of her first volume leads me to temper the pleasure of anticipation with the discretion of doubt.

DEREK WALKER-SMITH.

THE WAR MEMORIES OF DAVID LLOYD GEORGE. Vol. V.
By SIR GEORGE MACMUNN. *Ivor Nicholson and Watson.* 21*s.* 6*d.*

THE FIFTH VOLUME of Mr. David Lloyd George's *War Memories* has now reached the final and critical years, and as might be expected is of supreme interest. The clearness of his exposition and the power of his writing has never been more effectively displayed. The outlook for 1918, the groping for peace terms, the terrible problem of Russia, and its criss-cross conditions, the problem of man-power, the harassed position of a Prime Minister, who turn where he may, cannot deliver the goods, are dramatically put before us. The discussions over the Versailles Council and the proposed General Reserve, the incident that he with his usual lack of good

taste calls the " Fall of Robertson," the German break-through of March 1918, the personalities of the great personages are all-brilliantly presented, a presentment that readers with their salt dredger by their side, cannot but enjoy and profit by.

It is one of the tragedies of the war, that Mr. Lloyd George could never for long hold the imagination or affection of those who served him, many whose shoe latchets he was not worthy to loose. We know from Haig's diary how anxious he was to fit in with the dynamic personality, who alone seemed to display driving force. It was always some time before those who fell under his opening winning charm, realized the necessity for the long spoon.

The Prime Minister's position was a devastating one, and had he been able to trust his great soldiers and sailors a little more, or had he appealed to their natures more, he might have made a very much better job of his great destiny, that of piloting a great empire to victory. The desire to find a remedy, to seek quack remedies and nostrums, to be taken in himself by nostrum-sellers, was almost unavoidable. A great power within held up Mr. Lloyd George, in a superhuman task, and in this volume particularly, does he reveal himself, a great man with something wanting, and his dealings with others as he reveals them shows the strain that it all must have been. It has always been said that we fight a serious war far better under a Liberal or Radical leader, than any other, because of the great and loyal support that he gets from the other side. This should be borne in mind, should be shaken out of the salt-dredger, when we read his chapters on replacing Haig. It is doubtful if he would have been allowed to do so. It was generally realized that if Haig was war-worn so were all the other possible leaders, that General Smuts had no experience of *grande guerre*, and could have no grip of the machine, and that one or two others of unusual origin were equally ill-equipped. We may deplore, at this comfortable distance, the policy of Passchendaele and the holding of the mud salient through the winters—the reasons therefore seemed potent enough to those responsible at the time—but there is one point that all critics forget. We went to France to give a small military grant-in-aid to the huge French Army that once again was said to be ready "to the last gaiter-button", and was not! The collapse of the French Army, both strategically and " mobilizationally", drew us into that terrible long trench war, from which there was no chance of disengaging and married us to the soil. It was this that coloured for all time the whole story, and made, after Verdun, a really strong eastern policy of " knocking away the props " almost impossible.

The Maurice episode is naturally discussed, and to this day we may wonder whether that very able soldier's berserk action did or

did not save the situation. Colonel Repington very naturally comes in for a flaying, and we may perhaps give him the colonel. But the British Army alone is not in the soup. Wilson and Pershing get it, not undeservedly, for their inefficient administration, and refusal to take advice and accept patterns. Here the best was the emphatic enemy of the good, as witness the fact that till June,'18, American aviators flew French planes and that all light and medium artillery came from Britain and the heavy guns from France. There is the story of the making the Generalissimo, without which the general reserve was an unwieldiness, and so we ring to the last days. When all is said and done, a very great book, drama, tragedy, self-revelation, that all must read with avidity, and the historian cannot ignore. If he lost the peace after winning the war, we must blame perhaps that bronze-age trait always latent in us, that made us at once believe that we had driven war from the world.

THE HUNDRED YEARS. By PHILLIP GUEDALLA. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

MR. GUEDALLA'S new book is an example and a development of the system of impressionist history. Many writers write impressionism and call it history; Mr. Guedalla has written history and called it impressionism. The method which he has adopted is to select certain dates in the last one hundred years and to ring up the curtain on the action that was going forward on the various stages of the world at each particular date. It becomes history because Mr. Guedalla after sketching the scene with a few deft touches turns back to recapitulate the events which went to the setting of the stage. The great advantage of Mr. Guedalla's method is the great readability which he thereby creates for the general reader.

If Mr. Guedalla were not a careful historian, his method could not be too highly condemned. For of all methods it is the one which can most easily mislead the uninstructed reader. But Mr. Guedalla, as is well known, is a careful and conscientious historian. I have not, personally, discovered any mistakes of fact in all the pages of this book. One may differ from Mr. Guedalla on certain points but they are rather points of interpretation than points of fact. Thus I do not agree with his suggestion that the Repeal of the Corn Laws made any substantial difference to the fate of the Chartist Movement. The Anti-Corn Law agitation was purely a middle-class affair; the Chartists were confined to the working classes. Cobden and his friends succeeded because their organization was better; but their success did not in any way lessen the Chartists' desire for achievement of their aims. Again one would have liked the authority for the remark ascribed to Mr. Bonar Law describing Mussolini as

"a lunatic." As a final estimate of the Duce this would seem to leave a good deal to be desired.

Mr. Guedalla is happier when dealing with the nineteenth century than in his treatment of more recent events. Thus his portrait of King Edward is charming; but will the verdict of history ascribe to his personal influence as considerable a place in foreign diplomacy as Mr. Guedalla awards him? Again—and perhaps more important to contemporary readers—Mr. Guedalla makes little or no attempt at an impartial or authoritative analysis or estimate of the Nazi movement of Germany or the Fascist movement in Italy. In contrast with this is the suggestion of the inevitability of Lenin's accession to power and the impression given in the last chapter on Russia of a country happily settling down to peaceful progress and development.

But a book by Mr. Guedalla is a literary event because of the language in which his history is clothed. There are one or two instances in this book of repetition and exaggeration. Thus we do not want to hear, in describing the procession to the Winter Palace Square at St. Petersburg in 1905, on page 201 that "Some of them were carrying Ikons and portraits of the Czar, and a few had brought their wives and children with them for an outing" and a few pages later to read that "Some of them had brought their Ikons with them to give a pious tone to the procession. It was a Sunday afternoon . . . a few had brought their wives and children." Nor do we want to read in almost every reference to Russia that "St. Peter and St. Paul still lifted a slim gilded forefinger in their eternal warning." But in compensation for this are scores of instances of brilliant phraseology. Thus of the attitude of the French army towards the German before the war of 1870 "The elegant sabreurs of the second Empire watched with a condescending smile the slightly academic labours of Vone Moltke at his desk. It was impossible to view these spectacled beginners at the art of war as any sort of danger to the dashing veterans who had planted tri-colours on the Malakoff and were busy hunting stray Republicans across the dusty distances of Mexico." Again 1881 in London is "The magic epoch of Mr. Whistler's first and Lord Beaconsfield's last witticism; the golden age when it was always Lady Someone's afternoon, and all the racing tides of the advancing century hung for an instant at slack water." Or again "Spring came to Petrograd that year in a bright flowering of well-meaning eloquence."

Mr. Guedalla is an all-too-rare representative of the tradition of writing grandly on great themes. To meet with a work where the language is so felicitously attuned to the theme as in this book is a delight and a privilege.

DEREK WALKER-SMITH.

THE ASCENT OF F 6. By W. H. AUDEN AND CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD. *Faber & Faber.* 6*s*,

THE PUBLICATION of a book by W. H. Auden is an event of first-rate literary importance. His collaborator Christopher Isherwood, it will be remembered, was also the co-author with Auden of *The Dog Beneath the Skin*, which was one of the most interesting theatrical productions of this year, and is independently known to discriminating readers of fiction as the author of *Mr. Norris Changes Trains*. The standard by which their new work is to be judged is therefore the highest; that of *literature*. This has to be mentioned, since it is so often a reviewer's duty to deal informatively with published reading matter, having no pretensions to the status of literature, that his critical vocabulary has perforce to be used inconsistently for both kinds of works, expressing the application of distinct criteria of judgment; and it is as well for the reader to know which one is being employed.

The Ascent of F 6 is described as a tragedy in two acts. It is written in prose and verse and is in general technically similar to *The Dance of Death* and *The Dog Beneath the Skin*, that is to say, a certain number of so-called "expressionist" devices are employed, though not to an extravagant extent, and never wantonly. Like these plays, too, it is essentially a play for the stage. Auden's verse is singularly impressive in the theatre, a tribute to his unself-consciousness as a writer, which is what has made him the liberating force in poetry that he is. He has shown how it is possible to write good poetry without being afraid of the obvious.

The fable of *The Ascent of F* 6 is as follows: England and Ostuia possess adjacent colonies in Sudoland. The frontier between them is formed by a chain of mountains, the highest peak of which is known as "F 6." The Ostuians have put it about among the tribes that the white man who first reaches the summit of F 6, which they believe to be haunted, will be lord over both Sudolands with his descendants for a thousand years, and have already dispatched an expedition of climbers to perform this feat. The English Colonial Secretary, urged on by Lord Stagmantle, a press baron, determines to do likewise. The finest climber in England is Michael Ransome, brother of the Colonial Secretary, a character resembling in some respects the late T. E. Lawrence. A deputation headed by the Colonial Secretary waits on him but fails to persuade him to consent to be the leader of the expedition. He is, however, at length prevailed on to do so by the entreaties of his mother. Ransome alone of the expedition reaches the summit alive, beating the Ostuians to it. Then he too dies. The mountain is in fact haunted as the natives believe.

The Dragon appears in the shape of Ramsome's brother, the bland, equivocating politician. There is also a veiled figure seated on the summit, who is revealed in the end as Ransome's mother.

As an indication of Auden's own progression the most significant thing about this play is the character of Ransome. In his previous plays he has brought verse back to the stage as a contemporary mode of expression. In *The Ascent of F 6* he has given us a convincingly heroic hero.

There are some fine passages of rhetorical poetry, notably in Ransome's soliloquy on the death of Gunn, the light hearted and irresponsible member of the expedition.

> " You always had good luck ; it has not failed you
> Even in this, your brightest escapade,
> But extricates you now
> From the most cruel cunning trap of all . . .
> Is Death so busy
> That we must fidget in a draughty world
> That's stale and tasteless ; must we still kick our heels
> And wait for his obsequious secretaries
> To page Mankind at last and lead him
> To the distinguished Presence ?

GILBERT ARMITAGE.

THE ANATOMY OF FRUSTRATION. By H. G. WELLS. *Cresset Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

THERE IS not much thrill to be got out of a new book by H. G. Wells in these days. One knows with such depressing certainty what it will be—yet another energetic plea for World Wellsism. Of course if there were even a slender possibility of Mr. Wells's doctrines and plans being put into action, one would read his books with gloomy apprehension no doubt, as one reads communist literature ; but one would not be *bored*. As it is one feels sorry for Mr. Wells—or rather one would do so if it were not for his own inexplicable optimism. To see men and nations rushing to an easily avoidable doom must be, to say the least, an exasperating spectacle for the neglected prophet, who knows so well how they could be saved, if only they would listen to his advice. However, Mr. Wells seems to retain his eupeptic and almost evangelistic equanimity.

The Anatomy of Frustration is a typical Wellsian tract. In form it is rather peculiar. It is not fiction but it purports to be an account written by Wells of the thought of a fictitious character William Burroughs Steele, who had left behind him on his death an unfinished work called *The Anatomy of Frustration*, modelled to some extent on Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. The advantages of this form as

compared with a " straight " treatise are not obvious. The chief one from the author's point of view would appear to be the opportunity it affords for the evasions of responsibility for dubious statements. But would it not be better, the reader feels inclined to ask, for a man to be sure enough of his own views to be ready to stand by them, before putting such views before the public ? Many of Steele's assertions on the matter of religion, for example, are sweeping, superficial, and quite inadequately supported by argument.

Steele is a prosperous retired American business man who is possessed of a reforming ardour and a mental intrepidity equal to Mr. Wells's own. Here are a few examples of his thought and style: " It is impossible to write in that tone of despair to-day.... In 300 years the human mind has changed."

" What is that at which life thrusts ? "

" We shall live in the All and the All will live in each of us."

He is sure that peace could plainly be attained and secured by the practical fusions of the foreign offices of quite a few ' Great Powers.' "

" I assume the world community."

As a basis for a working modern morality the Ten Commandments are " about as much good as a nursery rhyme or any other folk-lore fossil."

Steele may have based his work on the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, but Mr. Wells has made him (in spite of his anti-religious viewpoint) much more like Buchman than Burton. GILBERT ARMITAGE.

GENEVA SCENE. By NORMAN HILLSON. *Routledge*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

ON TWO occasions in the last few years the League has come to London, bringing its own atmosphere along with its own communiqués and Secretariat. On neither of these two occasions—the World Economic Conference and the farcical meeting of the League Council in St. James's Palace in March—has it created a very favourable impression. The world's statesmen as in the League assembled are an odd looking lot. As I said to a friend at the time : " most of them you would not allow within pocket-picking range of you, while if you met some of them on a lonely country road at night you would run like blazes." The best cure for League of Nations Union idealism would be to see MM. Litvinoff and Titulescu being lobbied by a group of French journalists. The next best cure is to read Mr. Hillson's book. The author is a journalist, by profession an onlooker who sees most of the game—and all the little games as well. He was in Geneva as a correspondent for a great London daily during the three years of the League's decline and fall—when the emergence of the new Germany made it clear to all save members

of the L.N.U. that the party was over now. He describes with a pleasantly astringent pen what he saw during the long months of the Disarmament Conference, when "optimism gave way to hostility, deadlock to failure, formula to compromise." He succeeds in conveying the Genevan atmosphere to the printed page in a masterly fashion that atmosphere of important futility, portentous unreality and uninteresting intrigue which has brought Europe in the name of peace to the very verge of war.

Mr. Hillson is at his best in his pen pictures of the Geneva personalities, native and migrant; of Matsuoka weeping as he left the council chamber when Japan quitted the League, of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald dispensing a histrionic friendliness towards all men while hating the Genevan atmosphere almost as much as Mr. Hillson came to dislike it; portraits of Aloisi and Avenol, of Neurath and Norman Davis—all admirably delineated.

Here is Mr. Arthur Henderson who, presiding over the Disarmament Conference and "sitting rather gloomily on his high seat on the dais, and wondering when the next speaker who delivered himself in English would make his appearance, occasionally gave a furtive tap on his desk with his gavel to call for silence. The South American delegates, who were always very numerous, would look up, raise their eyebrows a little, and then continue to chatter in rather louder undertones."

Mr. Hillson includes three extra-Genevan international interludes which he personally observed, the signing of the Four Power Pact in Rome, the Saar plebiscite and the formation of the Stresa front, the last the unhappiest "triumph" achieved by British Ministers in recent years. He carries his tale up to the end of the Abyssinian War which arose largely out of the false optimism of the British Ministers at Isola Bella. For those who want a faithful picture of international politics it was a story which needed telling. Mr. Hillson has told it well. E. D. O'BRIEN.

SHERSTON'S PROGRESS. By SIEGFRIED SASSOON. *Faber.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
THE WIND BLOWS OVER. By WALTER DE LA MARE. *Faber.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
HERO'S BREED. By PAT MULLEN. *Faber.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
ONE MORE ONSLAUGHT. By GERALD BEECHENRIDGE. *Dickson and Davies.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
DAZE THE MAGICIAN. By ANTHONY BAERLEIN. *Barker.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

THE second instalment of Mr. Sassoon's autobiography is shorter than *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man.* Careful writing and the impression of a mildly melancholic temperament are two of its more noticeable characteristics. A lot of it, especially of the first half, is about his experiences at Slateford War Hospital, near Edinburgh, where he was sent as a tactful attempt of dealing suavely and

smoothly with his pacifist activities. Rivers, the psychologist, who was on the staff at Slateford, is the principal character of this section of the book. Mr. Sassoon was strongly attracted by him both as a personality and a psychologist. After Slateford, there is an interim period of hunting in Limerick. Then, Mr. Sassoon, now believing that he had matured away from the self-conscious adolescent state which had prompted his pacifist protest, goes back to the War in both Egypt and France, and finally comes away from it with this time, a bullet-hole instead of an obsessional bee in his head. Readers of *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man*, of whom there were very many indeed, do not need to be told that Mr. Sassoon has in a high degree the gift of readability.

Mr. de La Mare has, at any rate, melancholy in common—melancholy and the ability to turn it to literary uses. I have been told that Mr. de La Mare has said that the kind of atmosphere he wishes to create in his stories is like that of Dürer's *Melancholy*; certainly the effect of several of the short stories in this new collection, *The Wind Blows Over*, calls to mind the work of the very literary German artist. These eleven stories, to give an adequate summary of which in a short space would be quite impossible are all marked by the quality which Mr. de La Mare considers most characteristic of himself. What saves this quality from degenerating into something that could be sneered at for " other-worldiness " is Mr. de La Mare's technical skill and his eye for detail. It is perhaps fortunate that melancholy is his prevailing mood; if he were to become elated it is just possible, and not very pleasant to contemplate, that his fantasy might take a whimsical turn.

Hero's Breed is a first novel by the author of *Man of Aran*. Alas, and as might have been expected, contact with the outside world—in the form, amongst others, of the film industry, has not had a very good effect on Mr. Mullen's writing. He writes about his own place and his own people and weaves them together into a loosely-constructed novel, full of storms and fighting and fishing. It is the kind of novel which should have been good, but it is no better than dozens of other attempted epics. The chief reason seems to be that Mr. Mullen writes in a very English and rather stilted language, so much so that when you come to his Irish passages you get the feeling that he is an Englishman trying to write like an Irishman.

One More Onslaught is American of the now thoroughly familiar hard boiled school. It is, however, about something quite interesting—the struggles of a young man who throws up his New York job and goes off to edit a small town local paper in Virginia. He is quite an agreeable character and one is able to follow what happens to him and his girl until the last page when he jumps a

lorry back to New York easily and comfortably. He does his background, small town social life and newspaper technicalities carefully and readably.

Long John Murray is mainly historical, about a feud between two Irish families who hated each other for 300 years until after the War, when they buried the hatchet in the usual way and for the usual reason. It is, perhaps, a cut above Wardour Street, but sufficiently commonplace to be dismissed as a really rather drear book.

Mr. Baerlein's hero is a very remarkable conjurer, who not only has a lot of new tricks of his own, but also a lot of new ways of doing all the old tricks. On the last page he pulls off such a big trick that he vanishes for ever in smoke and flame. Plenty of action here, agreeably eccentric. I liked Daze's early experiments with two of his schoolmasters best.

MAURICE RICHARDSON.

THE GENTLEMAN OF THE PARTY. By A. G. STREET. *Faber & Faber.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
THE ROLLING YEAR. By W. J. BLYTON. *Blackie.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

MR. STREET is becoming very comprehensive, for, while continuity is secured by the presence of the Gentleman of the Party, who is in fact the dairyman at Sutton Manor Farm in Wiltshire, this book is in effect a history of farming in England and of the South West in particular since the year 1872.

Sutton Farm passes through many different hands in the course of sixty years, but whoever is tenant of this farm, the land has got to be farmed or nature and the weeds will gain the uppermost hand. This is the main theme of the book and since *Farmer's Glory*—Mr. Street has done nothing better. Anyone wishing to know more of the social structure and the economics of the countryside should read this book. The Earl of Ashton the landlord, Mr. Hayward his agent, Farmer Martin, and George Simmons the dairyman, are only a few of the characters which make this a wholly delightful agricultural novel.

Mr. Blyton in *The Rolling Year* describes some of the year's work upon a smaller farm ; a farm which could easily be bought up by the larger farmers who control the Wiltshire farms of Mr. Street's book. But *The Rolling Year* is more than an agricultural record ; with an unaffected literary grace the author touches upon the whole sphere of a farmer's life and environment.

After many years as a professional journalist he uprooted himself and his family from the town and took a " header " into practical farming in England. In the present century this step might well be as bold as any taken by an emigrant during the last century, but the

result has surely been wholly desirable from the point of view of the reader of Mr. Blyton's book. We are told that " it is not all piping through a shepherd's reed " on a farm, but if this life brings hard manual work and long hours this book brings out the content and fullness experienced by those who help to bring the soil into fertility and the land to complete its cycle.

Both of these books are written by men who know their subject and due weight should therefore be given to the facts about farming which they bring out. Mr. Blyton tells us that " Every ten years, ten per cent. of my county farms are seized for the speculative builder. That way lies tinned foreign food, war-time starvation, nerves and poor health. May it not be in my time nor my children's." There is much else in both books which demonstrates the farmer's purpose—" The land has to be farmed "—not for the farmer alone, not for the consumer in the towns, but for the good of the land.

P. E. B.

SHORTER NOTICES

ELIZABETHAN SEAMEN. By DOUGLAS BELL. *Longmans.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A SPIRITED account of the adventures and achievements of English sixteenth-century seamen. Mr. Bell has written his account as straight narrative and presented his personnel without undue trimming. A book on a subject which can well be read to-day.

WILL MARINER. By VICE-ADMIRAL B. T. SOMERVILLE. *Faber & Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d*

ONE OF the " truth is stranger than fiction " type of books. The late Admiral Somerville has dug well in the rich quarry of strange and heroic deeds at sea in the last century.

ARUNDEL. By KENNETH ROBERTS. *The Bodley Head.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

A LONG historical novel about a secret expedition against Quebec. The scene in which the story is placed will be unfamiliar to most English readers, but the atmosphere is skilfully presented.

BIG HORSE'S FLIGHT. By DR. SVEN HEDIN. *Macmillan.* 21*s.*

THE SWEDISH explorer's story of how his expedition on behalf of the Chinese Government got involved in the warfare at Sin-Kiang, and how his path crossed that of " Big Horse," the General of the Tungans, Chinese Mahommedans. An interesting and profusely illustrated book.

MATHEMATICS FOR THE MILLION. By LANCELOT HOGBIN. *Allen & Unwin.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

THIS BOOK is hardly likely to appeal to the million, but its mathematics form a new and refreshing angle for those whose minds incline that way.

SPANISH RAGGLE TAGGLE. By WALTER STARKIE. *John Murray.* 5*s.*

THIS ACCOUNT of a fiddler's adventures in Spain makes strange reading against the black background of present events. It is a pleasant reminder of the romantic and happy-go-lucky life of traditional Spain as we used to think of it.

EDGAR PROTHERO. By HECTOR WINTLE. *Duckworth.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

A NOVEL of the ordinary man against the background of a changing and disturbing world. Good reading for those who like Priestley.

QUEEN TO CHANTICLEER. By MAURICE BETHELL JONES. *Chapman & Hall.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

MR. BETHELL JONES has succeeded in finding in Catherine of Braganza, wife to Charles the Second, a character whom historical romancers have, on the whole, overlooked. A readable enough result, though like most books of this type, a little overweighted with detailed description.

UPON THIS ROCK. By CRANIA BRANDON. *Peter Davies.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

A FIRST novel about the music-hall world. Miss Brandon has written a long book, but her pleasant prose and sense of situation keeps the interest from flagging.

WEEPING IS FOR WOMEN. By DONALD BARR CHIDSEY. *Faber.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

A RATHER ordinary story about rather ordinary people in an American suburb.

MISS ANN GREEN OF CLIFTON. By E. W. BAKER. *Richards.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

AN HISTORICAL novel about the West Country riots at the time of the Reform Bill. A good subject and an interesting story, but would anybody really have said : " I'm no milk-and-water young man out of a novel by Jane Austen for whom any maid in a gown will do ? "

STEAM PACKET. By DAVID MATHEW. *Longmans.* 6*s.*

INTO A short length novel Mr. Mathew has crammed a number of characters who find themselves upon the cross-Channel packet in the year of the coronation of Queen Victoria. A collision and a running aground provide some excitement and the tedious interval during which the ship was refloated, proved sufficient to fray the nerves of some passengers almost to breaking-point. As a study in types one feels on reading the book that it is hardly adequate and that one is given insufficient time to enjoy their company before one has to leave it.

Correspondence

DEAR SIR—I am engaged upon a biography of A. E. Housman (1859-1936). If any of your readers have letters from, or other information about the poet, I should be very grateful if they would communicate with me.

The biography is being written with the knowledge of the poet's brother, Mr. Laurence Housman.

Yours faithfully,
CYRIL CLEMENS,
President,
International Mark Twain Society,
Webster Groves, Missouri.

SIR—I was much interested in General Sir George MacMunn's article on *Recruitment for the Army*. It is somewhat surprising, however, that the distinguished author of *The Armies of India*, with its many excellent coloured illustrations of uniforms, should have omitted to mention the urgent need of full-dress traditional uniform for " walking-out " and ceremonial, both in the Regular and Territorial Armies. After the war the Uniform Committee took the opinion of hundreds of witnesses from Lord Haig down to privates and the Majority Report favoured the re-introduction of the old scarlet, blue and green kit with regimental facings for ceremonial, keeping khaki for service wear. Mr. Churchill—then Minister of War—was in favour of the scheme, but owing to the cry for economy and an ill-informed newspaper campaign, full-dress got no further than the Guards and the bands of the Line Regiments. Drab khaki was worn on all occasions until a curious order allowed " mufti " to be worn by " men of good character " when on leave and when walking out. Thus a premium was put on pride in the King's uniform and recruiting suffered. For instance, whereas in the old days men went on furlough in their smart and handsome scarlet kits with appropriate facings and were seen and admired in country towns and villages—the post-war soldier in civilian clothes passed unnoticed and the army was forgotten. Recently, to try and remedy this, the authorities have allowed the men to purchase out of their own pockets a blue patrol jacket, blue cap and trousers in which they are allowed to walk out. This kit, however, has no facings and is not distinctive enough. Neither can it be worn on ceremonial parades.

For occasions such as the Coronation, both the Regulars and Territorials need a smarter kit than khaki for the sake of *esprit de corps* and recruiting. It is false economy to further withhold the

gradual reissue of full-dress—the King's scarlet should not be relegated to the limbo of the past!

Yours, etc.

RUSSELL STEELE.
(Captain, late R.A.M.C.).

Penrhyn Lodge,
Gloucester Gate, N.W.1.

SIR—One hesitates to reply to the article "The Problem of Recruiting Our Land Forces" by such an authority as General Sir G. MacMunn, but the answer is so clear and easy, that it may be that its very clarity has caused it to be overlooked.

"The problem . . . is that of maintaining on a voluntary basis, the Land Forces both Regular and Militia."

The real problem is for politicians to decide whether the privileges of Democracy carry with them any responsibilities. If the answer is "No," let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die, for never again will time be given in which to train our nation, nor will the barrier of the bodies of our young men be there to shelter us whilst we train.

If the answer is "Yes," let us proceed with our voluntary basis of maintaining our Forces.

Let us start the Militia again. Let every man who is in possession of the vote be balloted for in an annual ballot, and should he be required to serve in the Militia, let there be no purchase or substitution. But exempt from the ballot the members of the Territorial Army, and those on the waiting list for the Territorial Army, and of course the long service Army and Navy.

There would be two results of this measure. The first would be that you would have at least two million men of the best quality ready to come for training in the Territorial Army, and the second would be that you might have half a million who would risk the ballot, and who would refuse to obey orders when they found themselves in the Militia. The Militia could do one of three things. Persuade them that their conduct was foolish. Train them in a non-combatent branch, or discharge them as denying that Democracy carries any responsibilities.

Then the civil power steps in and says no responsibilities, no privileges, and that would mean that they would not appear in any voters' lists, and they would be debarred from the use of the Law Courts as plaintiffs. That might be enough to start with, and if it was not sufficient, other privileges could be removed.

Having now got a Territorial Army which would be the pick of the land, recruitment for the long service Army and Navy would probably present no difficulty, for those who liked the life would

probably make the Army their calling. This point should not be dismissed lightly, but it is clear that those who now join the Army would continue to do so, and judging by the recruits for the Army which the old Territorial Force (which mostly died in France or Gallipoli, without much thanks), used to find, our over-sea needs would be supplied.

I think that this plan would meet one of the general's objections, that our needs could never approach the numbers which compulsion could give us. That is because the compulsion has been watered down so much, and it also meets the argument that you cannot conscript for Foreign Service. There will be no need to.

There remains the argument that the genius of the race is against compulsion. The genius of the race stood the Militia Ballot Act, it stood the press gangs, and it has stood aside like Pecksniff and watched the Army filled by men who were out of work or who had bad jobs, or by those who had got into trouble at home. Compulsion, economic and moral.

The effect of having a Territorial Army from which all the waste of effort of recruiting had been removed, and which would be up to strength all the time, cannot be exaggerated. This Army would be the centre of the social life of all districts. It would be the meeting-place of all classes on equal terms. It would be the strongest argument for peace that any uation could possess.

But what is the answer to the question with which I began?

Has Democracy any stomach for responsibilities, or can it only digest privileges?

Yours faithfully,

G. B. HEYWOOD.

SIR—Having read recently Mr. Wyndham Lewis' book *Left Wings Over Europe*, reviewed in your July issue, may I, as a humble student of foreign affairs say that, while agreeing with a great deal of its contents, I cannot help feeling that he underestimates the German menace and that large numbers of Englishmen to-day are having "the wool pulled over their eyes" in much the same way as they allowed themselves to be hoodwinked during the years leading up to 1914, early in which year Mr. Lloyd George assured us that our relations with Germany were never more friendly! Germany then believed that we were so much occupied with our Irish troubles, in which she was not guiltless of interference, that we could be disregarded as a factor in her war plans. To-day we are so hopelessly behindhand with our defences that she, quite reasonably, may be taking a similar view.

Is it so certain that Russia is not the bogey set up as the excuse for her colossal armament programme and that France is not again her true objective? Now, as then, she is talking peace while preparing for war. War against whom? Surely Herr Hitler will not attempt to repeat Napoleon's folly, the invasion of Russia, as an "outlet." He has stated definitely in *Mein Kampf* that he intends to crush France and annex part of her territory, and his book is still the "best seller" in Germany.

The French who, if nothing else, are realists, were well aware of what was going on, and being tired of invasions and humiliations by her neighbour, cannot be blamed for preferring to organize impregnable frontier defences rather than to depend upon evasive promises of help from us.

Surely no one in his senses can imagine that these extensive underground and other defensive works could possibly be used for aggressive purposes or anything other than to secure her from attack.

To suggest, as did Herr Hitler, that he would be prepared to move back from the Rhine if France would retire to an equal distance, thus rendering useless these frontier defences, was a pretty poor joke. Germany for over a hundred years has been, and I regretfully maintain, still is the disturbing factor in Europe, and when other nations take ordinary precautions she complains of "Encirclement" Tigers in the World Zoo have to be encircled in stout iron cages. Has the German tiger changed his stripes in the past twenty years? Again, with regret, I see no sign of it. Mars still appears to represent "the good old German God." No doubt to-day Germany is realizing that she may be foist with her own petard. Bismarck's encouragement of Karl Marx with his pernicious and perversive writings (for exports only), and the despatch of Lenin and Trotsky into Russia in an armoured train with the appalling results we see to-day, have rebounded like a boomerang on her as well as affecting the rest of Europe.

I am neither anti-German nor "anti" any other nation that will mind its own business and refrain from incessant sabre-rattling and interference. I am entirely pro-English, or pro-British if you prefer it, and am convinced that with us properly armed for defence (and no one surely can impute aggressive designs to us), any bellicose nation would think twice before disturbing the peace of Europe for fear of the attitude we might adopt.

If the League of Nations had taken active steps to crush and exterminate Communism instead of placing us in the unenviable position of having to quarrel with old friends and allies it might have proved of some use to the world. At home our leaders are mainly concerned with appeasing their Left Wing colleagues in

order to keep up an appearance of " National " Government and solidarity.

What is the reason for this insane fear of Fascism in our country? We are essentially a nation of individualists and will never brook dictatorship of that kind though, without realizing it perhaps, we are under the thumb of a Caucus which presents its *faits accomplis* to our Parliamentary sheepfold in a " take-it-or-leave-it " manner threatening resignation and the upheaval of a General Election if the sheep refuse to " take it."

A strong lead and a clear honest-to-God foreign policy, freed from entanglements tending to embroil us in the affairs of other countries which are no concern of ours, would allay the haunting fear of another war, not only at home but throughout the world.

I am, Sir,
Your Obedient Servant,

15 Elm Park Gardens, S.W. JOHN C. DANIELL.

To the Editor of *The English Review*.

SIR—Certain people who firmly believe that the English race has always done the right thing and in the right way, seem to take particular pleasure just now in adverse criticism of Spain and the Spanish character. They have forgotten the French Revolution and the unequalled horrors of the Bolshevist Terror, which prove that the anti-Christian doctrines of Communism, can turn members of any race into beings worse than savages. Spanish Reds, therefore, are not exceptions. Spaniards do not ignore or deny the " black spots " in their history. These are, after all, merely " spots " and are more than counterbalanced by the brilliance of Spain's historical literary and artistic achievements. Amongst your readers there must be many lovers of Spain. They will welcome, no doubt, the following reminders of some of the great qualities and traditions of the Spanish race.

Spanish Democracy in the Middle Ages

. . . The " fueros," constitutions or charters of the newly-founded Castilian cities, contained from the first a greater or lesser number of concessions of the right of self-government. . . . We have here all the appurtenances of a thoroughly democratic régime, and from the middle of the twelfth to the middle of the fourteenth century, when the development just outlined [omitted] attained its climax, the vigour and liberty of the municipal government of Castile was probably unsurpassed anywhere in Europe.[1]

[1] Professor R. B. Merriman (Harvard), *The Spanish Empire* (4 vols.: 1918-24). (Castile was at that time the greater part of Christian Spain. Aragon, the other Spanish kingdom, enjoyed similar liberties. Professor Merriman is the greatest non-Spanish authority on the Spanish Empire.—M. DE L.)

The "Conquistadores"

. . . There has been but one real conquest worthy of the name —that of the New World. . . . This was a conquest worthy of a race of heroes, nor were the men who undertook it, vanquishing difficulties rendered more arduous by the element of the unknown, in the main unworthy of their task. Cruel no doubt they were, but yet not all of them. . . . Cruel perhaps; but who are we to cast a stone at them? Steadfast, enduring, patient in hardships to an incredible degree, resourceful, valiant, loyal to their king and country to a fault, they had the virtues and vices of "Conquistadores." Money they loved, but they loved glory more. Through all their actions ran a vein of true nobility. . . . In all the chronicles of this great adventure, no name stands higher than Quesada's, for prudence, valour, and, on the whole, for his good treatment of the Indians. . . .[2]

[2] R. B. Cunninghame-Graham, *The Conquest of New Granada* (1922).

The Renaissance

. . . If the word is taken to imply merely the revival of classical humanities, and of Greek and Roman art, then the Renaissance was Italian. But if we give the word a wider meaning, and refer to the new society, the new life, the New Europe, with politics, administration, armies, cultivations, industries, critique, technique, and in short a New World, the Renaissance was completely, originally and substantially Spanish.[3]

[3] Professor R. Macfas Picavea, *El Problema Nacional* (Madrid, 1899).

Spaniards of the Golden Age

. . . Spain came to esteem not only the imperial adventure into which she had been plunged, but also the qualities of her Cæsar. Charles [V.] came to value the strength of individual character, moral stability, and the fighting courage, that were to be matched nowhere else, in his dominions nor beyond them.[4]

[4] Professor W. C. Atkinson, *A Brief History of Spain* (1934).

Spain's Golden Age (Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries)

Spain's Golden Age, the fine flower of the Middle Ages (and all the best achievement of the Renaissance came from men soundly based in the discipline of Medieval Scholasticism), produced an unparalleled splendour of art and literature (a splendour denied only by those who have not taken the pains to study it at first-hand).[5]

[5] Aubrey F. G. Bell, *Liberty in Sixteenth Century Spain* (BSS. 1933) (author of *Luis de León —A Study of the Spanish Renaissance* (Clarendon Press, 1925)).

Present-Day Spain

. . . The arts, the sciences have had a rebirth. Scholars have recovered the spiritual wealth and fancy of the Golden Age, together

with the heroism of the Reconquest. . . . There have been conspicuous achievements in science and medicine. Commerce and invention have done much to redeem the barrenness of the soil. . . .'

[7] Professor W. Entwistle (Oxford), *The Scope of Spanish Studies* (1932).

In view of these and many other great traditions, can it be wondered at that true Spaniards (including intellectuals like Unamuno and many inhabitants of Madrid and other towns held by the Reds) consider this Civil War a lesser evil by far, than an anti-Christian, un-Spanish, and Red Spain?

Yours truly,

MARIA F. DE LAGUNA (M.A., London).